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THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

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JANUARY—MARCH, 1939.

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Six Poems by V. C. Le Fanu

SHUT OUT

BOLTED and barred ; along the pallid walls,
No light in any window shows its ray ;
Yet to my heart a hidden spirit calls
A voice that brooks no answer bids me stay.

Knock—and the mocking echo makes reply,
Call—and the words prolong their useless flight,
A moment's pause—a breathless agony—
And then—the throbbing stillness of the night.

Go, turn away, to bitterness resigned,
And resignation is so near despair.
O look—Was that a shadow on the blind ?
Listen—Was that a footstep on the stair ?

MISUNDERSTOOD

As children playing, at the close of day,
Still hide, and still keep longing to be found,
Their childish voices crying, " I am here " ;
So through the gathering darkness comes the call,
Fainter and fainter as the years go by,
" You cannot find me, I am here, I am here."

MIDSUMMER DAY.

THE longest day—How short from dusk to dawn—
 Knee-deep the cattle stand in summer grass,
 The trembling poplar whispers by the lawn,
 With no changed voice for all the years that pass.

Old things are dear, and dearer than of old.
 The more they change the more they are the same—
 Beauty is still more beautiful than gold,
 And still the heart can tremble at a name.

So this, with mind unchanged, to you I send,
 Dearest, across the sea so far away—
 Few are the things that matter in the end—
 From dawn to dusk, how short the longest day.

MIGRANTS

HIGHER than eye can scan,
 Above the leaden clouds that shroud us here ;
 In air too fine for man,
 The birds, devoid of doubt, forgetting fear,
 Prolong their endless file ;
 Or north or south as either season calls,
 To chatter by the Nile,
 Or build their nests beneath the Arctic walls.

THE INNERMOST

My thoughts run out, like children to the fields,
 Eager for every joy, and Happiness
 Pursues them as they go, and calls them hers.
 She leads them by the hand, and so they play
 And laugh and love and quarrel all day long :
 But one poor child, the dearest, weeps at home,
 My heart of hearts, my soul, my very self,
 Shut in a dark room, crying for the moon.

THE POLE STAR

HIGH in the spangled heav'n the Pole-Star shines,
 And that way lies your home. The ceaseless wind
 On, and still on, is rushing through the trees.
 I launch a thought on that great river of sound,
 A happy thought of you, O may it fly
 Drawn by the light, like some night-wandering bird,
 Straight to your window, knock upon the pane,
 And then, ah then, be taken to your heart.

ANSCHLUSS

By Alun Lewis

I

THEY have clipped the wings of my doves, my messengers of
delight,
And they in whom I have delighted have been shackled with
chains.

They are sent to toil in the claypits, they are become quarriers
of stones :

The harp and the lute have been taken from their hands,
They have forgotten their delight.

O remembrances curdle the milk in my breasts,
And my breath is sour to recall my joy,
For I also am in bondage in the land of Pharoah.

II

The fishes inhabit the deep rock crannies, the worm the dry wood,
The badger the darkness of earth.
There are they content, for there is their home.

But my content lies not in the land of Pharoah,
And my soul is sick with love amid the laughter of the land.

III

Pharoah has seen me in the hovels of Israel ;
My beauty has burned in his reins ; he has said
" Toads shall not dwell in the cup of the lily,
" Nor she in the hovels of Israel."

His artisans made me a palace of marble.
The ceilings they builded of beaten gold.
The walls they made lovely with lapis and amethyst,
Chalchedony, sardonyx, amber and jade.
The workmen of Pharoah hewed cedars of Lebanon,
And bound them in rafts and sailed them to Nile.
My bed did they hew of sweet cedar of Lebanon—
Oh Lebanon ! Pharoah shall share not my bed.

IV.

In the dark coverts surrounding my palace
 The partridge shall brood and the pheasant shall mate.
 No footfalls shall trouble their peace, no eyes rejoice in their
 plumage.

The eye of the pheasant is dulled with his finery,
 And mine with the desolation of marble.
 On the white marble floor of my palace the milk of my breasts
 drips down ;
 Pooled in white marble my wasted milk lies.

Yet no bastard of Pharoah's shall suck at my breast.

V.

The swallows are nesting in the hovels of Israel,
 But the windows of my palace are dim with rain, and my eyes
 see not for their tears.

The echoes of my longing fall faint in the silence
 Of the high vaulted arch, of the ceilings of beaten gold.
 In the infinite corridors of my habitation my longing is lost ;
 Polluted with longing are my channels of blood,
 Down which my heart floats, ah ! white swan.

And shall I become a pearl of Pharoah, and my palace a showthing
 for his people ?

Or shall the scoffers say one to the other
 " The daughter of Israel is sick of self-love " and then, " She is
 dead of her pride ? "

Yet is my soul a fly that feeds on garbage ?
 And shall my body wax with the lust of Pharoah ?

My nostrils are filled with the dust of desire,
 My bare feet bleed on the shards of despair,
 In the labyrinth of remembrance my longing is lost.

VI.

At dusk in my garden the flowers are waiting,
 Like virgins who linger by the house of their love,
 Whose hearts in the darkness are saying and saying
 "If my beloved will come to the street in the darkness, his heart
 shall not lack nor his loins want their desire."
 And ever they linger; for how shall the heart's timid whisper
 be heard?
 But my ears have heard the scythe of Pharoah at harvest in the
 fields of Israel.
 He has garnered the corn and the poppies has he mown down.
 How then shall I joy in the flowers of Pharoah?
 And how shall I lie in his bed?

VII.

The gates of my palace are opened wide
 And the air is rank with the lust of Pharoah.
 His naked feet sound in the halls of my palace,
 He lighteth his way to my room with a torch.

Yet will I be still.
 In the waters of my body he shall satisfy his thirst.

For the gates of my palace are opened wide
 And my doves have flown home from the land of Pharoah.

My heart is escaped in its night.

REGARDING FRANK HARRIS

By Vincent O'Sullivan

A FEW years after the great war I was passing through the hall of the Kaiserhof in Berlin, when I saw advancing towards me a stocky man with a thick moustache and bold challenging eyes which were the most noticeable feature about him. There could be no mistake : it was Frank Harris.

Long before this, several years before the war, I had been introduced to Harris by Henri D. Davray, a friend of my youth in the Quartier Latin, who is well known as the French translator of *The Ballad of Reading Gaol*, and of some books of Harris, to whom he always shewed the utmost devotion, and was practically Harris's agent in Paris. On the evening I am speaking of it was also in an hotel that I met Harris, a big hotel in the Champs-Élysées, which is now a bank. Davray had been dining with Harris, and they were leaving the restaurant to smoke and have coffee in the hall when Davray saw me, and after a few words presented me to Harris.

Good memory or bad, there are some things so whimsical that one can never forget them. Among these are the first words I heard from Harris. Davray had introduced me as Sullivan, docking the O, as the French, and also the English often do.

"You're not Arthur Sullivan," says Harris, "because I know Arthur Sullivan very well."

Now, when you consider the difference between my age at that time and the age of the musician, not to mention an utterly different appearance, you will not be surprised that, although rather taken back, I found the insinuation that I was trying to pass myself off as Sir Arthur Sullivan too grotesque to resent. Besides, it was plain that Harris had been dining superbly ; his face was flushed and his speech rather thick. Davray said something or other to him, and thereupon he invited me to sit down with them, and made himself agreeable enough till they rose to go away together, and I, who was staying in the hotel, went to bed.

After that it was in London that I saw him. Saw him indeed in a desultory way, sometimes at some exhibition or reception, or again in a theatre. One day he asked me to send something to the periodical he was editing. I forget whether I did this or not, but sure I am that nothing of mine was ever published by Harris.

It was the same with Ernest Dowson.

One night Dowson met Harris in a club, and very late, as he was going away, Harris told him to bring down to his office anything he had on hand and he would publish it. Dowson could never strike the iron when hot, or even lukewarm; he allowed some time to go by, time enough to let Harris forget his promise, and perhaps even Dowson.

At last one afternoon he summoned enough resolution to face Harris, and, turned up at the office looking rather battered, unwashed and unbrushed. Harris did not seem to mind that. But he told Dowson to hand out quickly what he had to say, for he had only two minutes to give him.

"What would you like me to write about?" asked Dowson with a timid smile.

Harris bounced out of his chair and seized his hat and coat.

"God damn it!" he shouted. "Do you expect me to find you subjects as well as a place to write in?"

But he never found "a place to write in" for Dowson.

Amidst all that, I used to ask myself sometimes: "Where is the impressiveness?" For Frank Harris in the London of the eighteen-nineties loomed majestically before many and the most various men and women: Beardsley, George Moore, who was a tough bird to impress, Oscar Wilde, Mrs. Craigie, and a great number of others. His light became considerably dimmer a good while before the war, but at the time I speak of it was undeniable. He was then at the zenith of his career. He had married a rich woman, lived in Park Lane, knew all the important people, not only artistic, but political and financial as well, exercised considerable influence, and had most of this world's goods at his disposal. Oscar Wilde was no doubt more welcome in the great houses (Harris says this himself); but Wilde had no power, and Harris had power. For all that, I must confess that that I, who am not hard to impress, was never impressed by Harris, though I liked to hear him talk. For me his appearance was against him. He had spent his formative years in the western part of the United States, and he had the look of an American bartender or boxer's manager of a type which is now obsolete, with his big moustache, thick hair parted in the middle and plastered down on a low forehead, and stocky build. His voice

was pleasant, but not at all soothing. It is said that he came to persuade himself in his later years that he had been at school at Eton. So far as his manner and speech went there was nothing improbable in the claim, and he was far better educated, knew far more, than most of those turned out by Eton.

What puzzled me was not so much his national origin, for he spoke and acted like an Englishman and was always spotted by those astute gentry, the continental hotel-porters and headwaiters, as an Englishman ; what puzzled me was his racial origin. Oscar Wilde told me that Harris was the son of an Irish coast-guard, and he related a romantic story, perhaps half invented by himself or Harris, of Harris' adventures when he emigrated as a boy to the United States. But it is hard to believe that Harris had any Irish blood. In his "Life of Wilde" he never misses a chance to have a fling at the Irish. In New York, where he was during the war, he was generally taken for an English Jew ; and they know something about Jews in New York. One night in a restaurant, in a numerous company, a Jew, and a fairly cultivated Jew at that, leant across the table and said : "What's the use of posing as an English swell, Harris ? We all know you're a Jew." Harris neither assented nor denied ; he made no reply at all, but went on talking as though he had not heard. He was more likely Jew than Irish, but to me he did not seem to be a Jew either. Certainly there are different types of Jews, men and women, immense differences, but there are certain traits which are common to the race, and Harris did not seem to have any of them. Wilde was obviously Irish, but Harris was obviously nothing, except, as I say, in manner and speech, and that was English.

His talk was varied, even amusing at times by its violence, but he could be tedious. One night at a large dinner party which he gave in a restaurant to some celebrity on a visit to London, he took the lead in the conversation, and it came to pass that he related Anatole France's story about Pontius Pilate. Then he commented this story, and declared that Anatole France had spoiled it. "Now this is how it should have been told," said Harris, and he went on to give his own version. Everybody was bored numb. When at length Harris came to an end, there was dead silence. Then a voice came out of the silence—Max Beerbohm's :

"Thank you, Harris. Anatole France would have spoiled that story."

Another of his public appearances which I witnessed was some years later at a banquet given to Robert Ross when the collective edition of Oscar Wilde's writings was completed. This banquet drew together a considerable number of people, more or less celebrated, of whom most would have shunned Wilde himself after his fall like the scarlet fever. Of the speeches, I thought that of H. G. Wells the best, because it was straightforward and sincere in its dealing with Wilde, with whom the speaker could not have had much personal sympathy. And the worst was the speech of Frank Harris. I believe it was the worst speech I have ever heard, and that is saying something. Not that the expression was deficient or that it was badly delivered. Harris' magnificent brazen self-assurance was there to put it over. But the substance was something else. Among the guests happened to be a duchess, a woman still young and very handsome, and Harris directed his whole speech towards her, not directly, of course, but making her presence an excuse to expatiate on Oscar Wilde's prostration before the British aristocracy, and going on from that to pay the duchess herself the most fulsome and oily compliments. At this time the dimming of his light had already begun, and as he stood there speaking, he looked like a man who had come in from the Badlands. To make such gross flattery acceptable to a woman, I thought, one should look different from that, and I believed that the duchess must be very uncomfortable, and perhaps offended. But I was told afterwards that she thought Mr. Harris' speech very interesting and the best of the evening—which shews that Harris was right in his claim that he knew women.

His owning and editing of the *Fortnightly Review*, and then of *The Saturday Review*, cannot be said to have done much good to English literature. The *Fortnightly* continued to be stodgy; the *Saturday* was virulent and unfair. He used to say that it was he who had discovered George Bernard Shaw, and he gave him the post of drama critic on the *Saturday* which Shaw held, and doubtless with a free hand, till he got tired of it. When Shaw left, Harris replaced him by Max Beerbohm, whose articles had not much effect and are not among his good things. I suppose Harris wrote himself in his publications from time to time, but if he signed what he wrote I have no recollection of it.

He was a writer inasmuch as that he published several books, but an artist he surely was not. His handwriting was incredibly common, the writing of a tax-collector. His artistic sense may be gauged by the fact that he puts *The Ballad of Reading Gaol* at the top of Wilde's writings, together with *The Importance of Being Ernest*, and the two letters on prisons, and casts aside that splendid poem *The Sphynx*, the fairy-tales, and the essays in *Intentions*. He never could regard a work of art in itself, but in its effect on the public. I do not know just what kind of religious education Harris was given in his boyhood, or if he was given any ; but his is the English Dissenting and American Revivalist type of mind. The *Ballad* and the Prison Letters are the best of Wilde because they are *useful*, they serve a purpose, while *The Importance of Being Ernest* is nice innocent entertainment for young Christians of an evening. It would not at all surprise me to learn that Harris "got salvation" in his young days in America at some camp-meeting or Baptist mission, and the trace was never washed out, but persisted in what he eventually appeared to be—not a writer, still less an artist, but a blend of the theatrical manager and the company promoter.

I do not know whether the declaration of war in 1914 found him in America, but he passed most of the war years there. He was living in New York when I spent some months there towards the third year of the war, and one day I received a letter from him full of generous praise of an article of mine which he had read in a New York paper. He asked me to lunch with him, and fixed a date. That sounds simple enough, but it was not at all simple.

In New York Harris was considered a pro-German, and there is little doubt he was. Whether he adopted this attitude to revenge himself on the English because they had put him in prison for libel, or whether he sincerely believed that Germany had the better cause and was going to win, I cannot say. Some even went so far as to declare roundly that Harris was a German agent and derived his resources from the German Foreign Office.

Now, just at that time President Wilson had put the country into the war, and public excitement was at high tension. Nobody who was not in America then can realize the gross outrages to personal liberty which occurred in some cities, and especially in New York. Spying and denunciation were flagrant. These being the circumstances, as I happened to be lunching the day

after I had Harris' letter with a lawyer who was a friend of Tumulty, Wilson's private secretary, I thought I might as well ask him his opinion.

"It is hard to turn down a letter like that," he answered. "But it is better to be careful. Harris is in pretty bad odour with the powers that be. If it wasn't that he can prove his American citizenship, he would be deported."

But I remembered his kindness and generosity to Oscar Wilde, his consideration for Aubrey Beardsley. I don't suppose he cared a bit whether I came to lunch or not, but there was a chance that in his rather difficult position at that time he might take a refusal as an affront.

He looked well, ate and drank well. I cannot tell how much money he had or where it came from, but he did not seem poor. Yet he was changed from when I had last seen him, but it was an insidious change, more moral than physical. He seemed unhappy in America, out of his element. He had met with several deceptions since his arrival, and some of his recollections were very bitter. And then, he must have known, though he did not speak of it, that all his actions were spied upon. He told me that he had agreed with a morning newspaper to supply a series of ten articles. After the third had appeared he received a telephone message from the editor who asked him to call at the office. There he told Harris that they had decided to suspend the publication of the articles.

"But we don't want to inconvenience you," he added. "We are willing to pay you a small compensation."

"You can keep it," said Harris, rising. "You can keep it. So shall we both be satisfied. You will have your few cents, and I shall have my sense of honesty and fair dealing."

"No offence, Mr. Harris, I hope?" the editor called after him.

For all answer, Harris clapped his hat on his head and walked out without another word.

How he left the United States, and when, I do not know. But there he was one morning in Berlin some years after the war was over.

Not much changed. Still the trim straight figure, quick step, shoulders thrown back, defiant eyes. His resiliency, his refusal to be vanquished, which was his marked characteristic,

aided to keep him young. He had faced bankruptcy, prison, internment, wreckage of the worst kind ; how many other terrors that I know nothing about, that perhaps nobody now living knows anything about : he was still unbowed, still cheerful, and the patron. For there was always in his style a hint of patronage, were he talking to the richest man in England. He patronized the French politicians whom he delighted to have to dinner at Durand's in the rue Royale ; he threw his protection over Robert Browning and Sarah Bernhardt and the Baron de Rothschild ; as well as over small fry like myself, glad now to come within the gleam of his patronage once more.

I was not sure he would remember me, but when I drew near he did. We talked a little, and I was on the point of inviting him to lunch, when he anticipated me, and thus saved me a dreadful blunder. For nobody ever invited Harris ; it was not the thing. It was Harris who invited. In his Oscar Wilde book there is a prodigious amount of lunching and dining, but I cannot recall a single instance where Harris is not the host. He had the Baronial Hall conception of hospitality. So it was that even in his grand days in London the most incongruous people met round his table. His wife would have a set luncheon party. Passing along the Haymarket or Pall Mall, Harris might encounter two or three of his large acquaintance, and he would bring them along to Park Lane for lunch. This may have helped to make his success. Exclusive people, boring themselves and each other, would say : "The Harrises have asked us to luncheon. We may see something amusing." And they went.

That the Baronial Hall concept still prevailed was to be inferred from the eight or ten persons he had as his guests this day in the Berlin hotel. He presented me to the collection with a comprehensive wave of the arm. "This is Mr. O'Sullivan, a man of my breed" ; and he took the head of the table. *Sede a dextris meis*, says Harris to me, for he liked to adorn his talk with tags in the learned languages. I did as he said, and looked round at the company, composed as well as I could make out of English, Americans, and Russians. I don't think there was a German present. I could not conceive what all those people, who looked extremely mediocre and some hard-up, were doing in Berlin at that time. There were a few women among them. One who sat next me and wore a sort of Salvationist bonnet, described herself

with an American accent as a "missionary." Harris had a large bottle of Rhenish wine beside his plate and she pointed to it.

"You an't going to drink all that?"

"I am," replied Harris deliberately, "and I am not afraid of it."

She looked at me with a snigger. "He goes it."

"If ever you reach his age and are as clear in body and mind as Mr. Harris, that will be the time for you to talk."

"You're awful rude," she said.

Harris did not mind this passage at arms. He did not trouble himself much about his guests, and talked to me most of the time about Oscar Wilde and other figures of his life in London and Paris. So interested was he in these reminiscences that he retained me some time after the others had drifted away.

He was going out on the morrow to see Maxim Gorky at a sanatorium near Berlin, his introducer being a Russian-American journalist who had been at lunch got up to look like a Bolshevik—that is to say, wearing a pull-over and a red scarf knotted around his neck. Harris asked me to come again to lunch the day after, when he would tell me all about Gorky.

The party was not so numerous as on the former occasion. Still, it *was* a party. Harris did not like to be alone. The visit to Gorky had proved a disaster. Gorky had received them in the hall of the establishment. He did not ask them to sit down, and while Harris was talking to him in German, he turned and walked away and did not come back. The journalist sent one of the servants to find him, but Gorky refused to come down again.

Harris was in a great rage about it. And he might well have been. It is hard to explain Gorky's conduct; it is impossible to excuse it. I cannot think what could have induced Gorky to act as he did. It is all very well to be a barbarian, but the most primitive barbarian would hardly treat thus a man who had driven thirty miles on a winter day to see him. No doubt Gorky had never heard of Harris except from the journalist, and he may not have had—evidently he had not—much respect for the journalist.

"We'll go out again next week," observed this man in the course of lunch. "Gorky'll be in a better temper then."

"Go out again?" actually roared Harris. "Never! Not

if he were ten times a greater man than he is and a better writer. Who am I that I should be trampled under the foot of a Russian boor? I who have had the friendship, as O'Sullivan here knows quite well, of men who would do too much honour to Gorky if they let him lick the dust off their shoes."

That was the last time I saw Harris. I left Berlin a day or two after. I received a letter from him in which he said that he was putting the completing touches to his memoirs. "I believe it is the naughtiest book ever written. But perhaps it would not interest you."

This is the book known as *My Life and Loves*, and there is a rather singular history attached to it. Harris had the book printed in Germany, but he thought he would prefer to publish it in France. Accordingly, he had the edition packed and despatched to Paris. But the cases were held up by the French at the frontier.

Harris thereupon began to write imploring letters to the ever-faithful Davray. He said that he loved France, that he wanted to spend the rest of his life there, that if his book was excluded, he himself would never be allowed to enter, etc., etc. In fact it seemed altogether as if the indomitable Frank Harris had for once broken down and become somewhat hysterical. Davray was a friend of long standing and a *protégé* of the late Philippe Berthelot, who was then all-powerful at the Quai D'Orsay—the French Foreign Office. He saw Berthelot, who, after thinking a little, suggested that Davray might perhaps organize a small press campaign. So it was that for a few days were to be found in some papers articles declaring that it was shameful that the Customs could not distinguish between nefarious propaganda and the work of an artist, a celebrated writer and journalist, who had always been devoted to France, and was well known in Paris. In less than a week, Davray heard from the Quai d'Orsay that the book was coming in within the next few days, and that its author might follow it as soon as he liked.

Harris did follow his book, and settled on the French Riviera, at Nice, I think, where, after some years, he died quietly in his bed, thus defying his destiny. For if ever a man had it written on his face, in his carriage, all over him, that he would die by dagger, revolver, fire, or some other form of violent death, that man was Frank Harris.

He will not survive as a writer. Already his *Elder Conkling*

and his other stories are utterly forgotten. As to the play, *Mr. and Mrs. Davenport*, he protests in his book against those who saw in it the hand of Oscar Wilde. He was entirely right. The play is throughout by Harris, and it is worthless.

But he may survive as the author of one book. Bernard Shaw has said that Oscar Wilde must stand or fall by Harris' book. It is nearer the truth to say that Harris must stand or fall by his "*Life of Wilde*." For it is certain that no other book of his will carry his name to the generations to come. And that because there will always be people wanting to know about Wilde. Wilde will carry Harris on his shoulders to posterity, little as Harris foresaw such an outcome.

That being the case, it behoves us to look a little closely at this production.

As a novel, it would not be a bad novel, with its brisk dialogues and interest sustained throughout—a sort of masculine *Manon Lescaut*, having Oscar as the capricious and extravagant Manon, the generous and much-enduring Harris as des Grieux, and Lord Alfred Douglas as the *spadassin* Lescaut. Or, if he had given it out as a "romanced life," a bastard form of art which had not come into being when he wrote it, it would be better than a whole crowd of such books we have seen of late years. But the awkward thing is that he is dealing with a real man and facts, and he travesties the man and distorts the facts. They say his book was written in 1910 or thereabout. It was published, or at any rate, put on sale in America while he was there during the war, under the title, *The Life and Confessions of Oscar Wilde*—a title copied from the Broad-sheets of the Eighteenth century which were sold to the mob that clamoured round the cart carrying some condemned man to Tyburn. The choice of such a title, with all its implications, gives the measure of Harris' good taste, and of the spirit in which the book was written.

Of all the books about Wilde, it is this which has done most harm to his memory. Shaw has no sympathy with the man or his work; but with Harris it was different. He professed immense admiration for Wilde and Wilde for him.

"Do you know Frank Harris?" Wilde asked me one day.

"Yes; he tries to imitate you."

"Frank?" cried Wilde indignantly. "He imitates nobody. He is originality itself."

I do not think that Harris realized what he was doing. On the last page he expresses some misgivings as to the accuracy of the portrait he has presented. He did not want to hurt the memory of Wilde, that I swear. When he spoke to me about Wilde nearly twenty-five years after his death, there were tears in his eyes. And yet his book has enabled Mr. Shaw, who had nothing else to go upon, for he never saw Wilde in his last years, to describe Wilde as an "unproductive drunkard and swindler."

There is much dialogue in the book. Some of the speeches—for they are quite that—Wilde no doubt pronounced, at least in substance; but many others have not Wilde's form of thought, and very few have the true ring. In one of them Wilde is made to say that he desires to have "the blue sea at my feet, the blue sky above, and God's sunlight about me." That "God's sunlight" came from Wisconsin, or somewhere like that; never from Wilde. And the whole phrase seems too commonplace for Wilde. On the other hand, the account of the relations between Wilde and Beardsley, their attitude towards each other, is very shrewd, very exact. Harris gets nearer to Beardsley, whom he saw much less, than he does to Wilde.

What is more serious is the general impression left by these talks between Harris and Wilde. It is that of a strong, wholesome man laying down jejune moral truths to a flabby impostor who wails and whines. Always Harris wins out; and readers having nothing else to go by must admire the virtue and apostolic fervour of that good Mr. Harris. As typical an example as any is the account given of a supper with Emilienne d'Alençon, a music-hall actress of the time. As Harris relates it, you would think that Mr. Mulberry of Zion chapel had been inveigled among the daughters of Babylon by the immoral Wilde. I can't imagine what public Harris thought he was writing for that he should unload all this popcock. His book was published in the United States, but at that date the Americans had long got beyond the camp-meeting view of life.

This tone recurs throughout. Always Harris has the noble part. He is the benefactor, generous and disinterested, who spares no trouble to lift up his fallen and sinful friend. He is Spartan; Wilde is self-indulgent. Wilde hated walking; Harris walked several miles a day. Wilde idles away the hours; Harris is a worker and a man of action. No; Harris did not mean to hurt

Wilde's memory when he wrote his book, but he could not resist glorifying himself at the expense of Wilde, and that kind of thing has always fatal results.

Of the things remarkable in the book, one is the smarmy self-righteous cant, like a street-corner preacher. He is particularly scandalized by Wilde's so-called excesses in eating and drinking. That is almost comical coming from Harris, the man of lunches, and heavy dinners, and champagne. One has to have known him, one has to have seen his prowesses at the luncheon or dinner table, to appreciate to the full this severity displayed, this austerity. He does not quite snuffle about "Our Saviour," but you expect it every minute. This is the more odd because in his talk Harris did not seem to hold by the Christian religion as expounded in Churches and conventicles.

The book gives the effect of uninterrupted contact. As a fact, Harris did not see much of Wilde in his last years. When he came to Paris for a few days on his way to Monte Carlo, or somewhere else, and wanted to be amused, he would send for Wilde, and Wilde, for whom it meant a few days of excellent living, and perhaps some money, would come gladly and give forth his very best. But Harris' visits never lasted long, and there were long intervals between them.

"What is Frank Harris?" cried Smithers, the publisher, one day, seated among a group of his young poets. "What has he ever done but marry a rich woman?"

"Which of us could do that?" said Dowson.

A MYTH OF TIME

By D. M.

Ros.—I pray you, what is it o'clock?

Orl.—You should ask me, what time o'day.

There's no clock in the forest. " *As you like it.*"

"THE NEW IMMORTALITY" (*) is concerned with an original view about the constitution of the world, which goes by the name of *Serialism*. The author of the book purposely wishes to have his view more and more widely held and appreciated, not only for its own sake, but also for the sake of those who have not yet exercised their thought upon it. For he believes that it may have a regenerative and wholesome influence, and cause people to benefit by the way in which it will incite them to pay attention to the inherent capacities of their own mind, to the consequent enrichment of their experience and satisfaction of their being. As it appears from his short preface, it is only too manifest that, whereas a more and more numerous class of persons hold that materialism is a method which gives morose and dissatisfying results, and declare that it is nothing better than a philosophy for the use of infants, the majority of the same people who presume to hint that this is the case have really no views about the matter at all; and if you urge them close in the way of reasoning, and they are baffled for some sort of an excuse for not believing what the man next door believes, it's ten to one they will conclude by blurting out some statement that isn't a bit different from the very same materialism which all along they have been busy despising. Here is the reason. For the want of an idea of time, they cannot separate the object from the subject. Not really, except when they summon the effort to follow the downright reasoning of somebody else who is at that moment proposing an alternative to materialism. They are just materialists with unconscious ideal aspirations, except when it happens by chance that their aspirations are made conscious, and they are reading some philosophical

* By J. W. Dunne, published by Faber, London. Price 3s. 6d.

tract, or listening to a broadcast talk about the suggestions of Kant or Aristotle, or somebody. Then they feel the material superiority of mind.

Naturally, I speak only for myself, as everybody should. There are few things to read that I enjoy more than a philosophical account, provided that it isn't in a foreign language, and doesn't run to extreme length of letterpress. For it's seldom I open a difficult book a second time in a month, and especially a philosophical book, unless the author has thought to put his philosophy in alphabetical order, as Voltaire did. But once the book is shut, and I am left to my own reflective power, and I am really thinking for myself (instead of being only told I am) I cease to be able to make any use of abstractions. Mr. Dunne had evidently foreseen my case, and that of a multitude of others ; for no writer on an abstruse theme has ever taken his readers more into consideration. The master diagram or "Table" accompanies the eye from page to page, like the patient direction where to place the stamp on postcards. Propped up by this recurrent image, and charmed by the vigorous mental illustrations with which the author conveys the principle ideas, it would be difficult for any average head to resist the entry of as much of the serialist system as the book condescends to disclose. But whether it will have a prosperous existence there, or not, is another matter. Mr. Dunne has made his statement easy and readable, charging his lessons mostly upon seductive pictorial and musical mental pictures, and partly upon a Socratic dialogue in which he anticipates both the stupidity and the cunning of his disciple. But he also says some things with a bewildering emphasis that seems to be intended to disconcert the spirit of opposition, and it must be said that he has here and there let fall a hint that he spares the reader's head by avoiding notorious difficulties, some certain *aporiai* concerning relativity. He gives his personal assurance that they are bridged by mathematics. Otherwise his account is compact, and also successful, except perhaps in its highest purpose of convincing everybody.

Fortunately, the prose of philosophers is not so peevish to touch as the philosophy of prose-writers, which usually depends for coincidence on the reproduction of every letter in its exact musical relation to every other letter ; nor does the toucher lay himself open to so severe a castigation if it is muddled. For all

that, I make the following crude and abrupt statement of serialist immortality at great personal risk. Before Caesar came to the Rubicon, or even thought about it, not only the Rubicon existed, but his crossing of it also. His future passage over the stream, which admitted such a cataclysm that its latest wave of consequence is breaking at this moment (Calendas Octobris, 1938), across the Sudeti Montes, was merely absent from his attention; in the same way as those quarts of water that he waded through were higher up the Appenine hills. If people were at once disposed to question the strength of the relative "in the same way as" and allege that a figure of speech at that point was unexpected, they may be told that, while the elements of the figure are my own invention, time is *really* a dimension of the world. If, after considering it long enough, and logically supplementing the miserable resource of "the-same-way-as," they are unable to conceive of time as a dimension at right-angles with the three ordinary or carpenters' dimensions, they are hereby notified their case is such that they must either think harder still, or else not trouble themselves any further with it. "The 'Now' "* of Caesar, still in his own province, had not yet reached the event in his biography called "Caesar's crossing of the Rubicon;" just as surely as that his Where had not reached that stream, which is as many yards shorter in space than the Liffey as it is longer than Cleopatra's nose (*i.e.*, about half the length) and centuries longer in time than Caesar's life. His Now slides on from event to event. Caesar, the organism, is the instrument recording its movement. But he is not merely an organism and an instrument. He is also, for example, a journalist, a politician, and a military thinker. But taking him in his more general character of man, the most remarkable subdivision of the genus organism, he possesses the faculty to cognize Time as well as Now, by virtue of which he can think outside the brutal process, and become an observer of himself the factor and fashioner in and of the process. The doctrine of serialism states that this step back, by which time and Caesar are visible simultaneously to Caesar, is only the beginning of a series of steps back reaching to infinity. The mind may step back once more and see the man triumph over the *now* by mobility of mind, a second time to contemplate the character

* Or, "Caesar's Now." This is no time to mince words.

of the triumph, and in a third image calculate the virtuality in the character, and so on in ways impenetrably hidden from conscious inspection. The sum of the terms, or instances, of this infinite series of steps back is the total Caesar, and he is eternal. It goes without saying that the same is true (if true at all, in any way) for each, himself, of the adjutant Faustus and lance-corporal Felix. Each is a three-dimensional field of immediate knowledge and observation sliding thus or thus according to a fourth dimension, and the whole again according to a fifth, and again and again for ever. Observe that the account becomes more and more perilous, if it is not already capsized.

But men are all different. Caesar is a demigod ; Felix is only attached to his battalion and Faustus to the brigade headquarters because their names were of good omen. Men have different limitations, aptitudes and apertures. From this agreement about the difference of men it can follow that *all* their Nows are not always equally *now* with reference to the school-book geometry of a stark-still instantaneous scheme such as would be imagined by Newton for purposes of mechanical theory. Occasionally the brain is favoured with a perception of an indeterminate *now*, which may be a memory of a former perception or state of mind, or may be a view of a future one or the other. The theory goes further ; by the intersection of lines which are the ribs and trucks of one brain's space-time system with by no means corresponding lines of another system, that brain which has the advantage of the terrain (as it were) can suddenly perceive a point (or "now") appertaining to the other system—but without, of course, being much the wiser on that very account. This was suggested to himself also by Laurence Sterne, who recorded his surprise at the oddness of some idea that leapt into his head by guessing that he must have intercepted a thought meant for someone else.

Some parts of the foregoing impressions of the theory seem vain and insufficient. The fault was partly due to Caesar's ambition, partly to my own. It would have been wiser to bring on a contemporary, crossing his doormat, or myself crossing this *t*. We are worthy of this immortality, and Caesar has his ; besides that the flat-breasted Roman muse is repellant to an idea so modern, which she repels. And naturally Mr. Dunne has explained this immortality so well that his own explanation is

indispensable. His theory argues that the death of the contemporary will be the ceasing to function of the instrument which records the *now* usually approximating to my *now*, unless he survives me, as it moves along a groove of primitive perceptual time roughly parallel to my groove. "One morn I missed him on the accustom'd Hill." But the observer, who or which moves also along his groove of conceptual *liveable* time, liberated or liberable from the compulsory, primitive or *lived* time, will not be affected by the cessation of contemporary events. He goes on living, re-living, the finished life, not knowing it is finished. He is become a spectator of himself, "along the heath and near his fav'rite tree"—the heath that was, the tree with the old leaves. He mutters his wayward fancies still, but they are now his realities—not "like one forlorn," we are supposed to think, but like one who is finally at home, no longer either crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love. For, mixing in a society with no fleshly future, and conversing only with his equals, he knows no more the rebellious caprices of matter, and forgets the endless absence of the possessed. Everything is done, feated and accomplished already, by definition, and by determination.

Mr. Dunne's charming, perplexing and horrible idea (which I did not understand till I explained it to myself by writing it down) is an influential idea, as his publisher reminds his readers on the wrapper of the book. It has the reaching and cuffing authority of unimpeachable modernity; it will be the Phaedo of the Bœotians, and only the most cavilling logicians and the subtlest geometers in the world will be able to perforate it. Had it come to light two generations ago, by an anachronism of insight, or a prophetic gleam, before Einstein superannuated the kitchen geometry of Euclid, it might have given rise to a far worse influence. For the impetus of Mr. Dunne towards multi-dimensioned time was derived from the shock of "precognitive" dreams—that is, instances when he himself saw dreams of a hereabout which some days later appeared as a real hereabout, with himself there, wide awake. In the last age this beginning might have led, not to an extremely passive view of the self, but to an extreme voluntarism, such as a French follower of Schopenhauer proposed—a theory that the subject willed everything that happened to it. Even the earthquake?—yes; as there is nothing in the subject to show that the same earthquake happened to anybody else.

Everything of the kind tends to become a substitute for literature, and one such effect is alluded to by the publisher on the wrapper of the book. Defended by the opportune shield of the Serialist doctrine (7-fold x -hide, like the shield of Ajax) Mr. J. B. Priestley recourses to an abominable device that seems to have passed with so little censure that he repeats, and may repeat it. He attacks the very integrity of time on the stage. Not to reflect that even the very mention of it has been held in abhorrence by all the ages of spontaneous taste. An intelligent, warned and sceptical audience (for so they think themselves) are assembled before the stage to collaborate by greater or less attention in the labour of the dramatist. They wouldn't endure tell of an admonishing ghost, a dream-scene, a coincidence, or a secret passage from the library to the dower-house. Such things to a London audience are not only *vieux-jeu*, they are miraculous, even superstitious. Moreover they are incredible. They have confidence in Mr. Priestley. He has sufficient confidence in them to exhibit a second act full of bad events, that will turn out before the end of the third, comfortable, act, to have been only events which *might* have happened. And also, both acts will have the same allowance of verisimilitude, the same inward coherence, the same haughty formality.

A play with two simultaneous second acts! Wherefore, by what rule? Marry, if it was to convey the moral lesson that people should improve each shining hour and do good while they can, no praise could be too high for the intention—provided that it didn't demand two inexorable destinies, semi-detached universes, twin suns in the sky. But the note printed by Messrs. Faber and Faber suggests that the play was deduced from some such proposition as this: $x = icT_1$, $y = icT_2$, and because, in the discussion of the nearest imaginary manifold universe, two simultaneous equations are required to limit the position of the experimental field.

Needless to say, the very conservative theory of Serial Time does not itself allow any such extravagant interference with the probabilities; and the book in which the author of it first explained the theory 10 years ago *pro licentia docendi* is a work of too high a morality to be brought to countenance the course pursued by a playwright who takes the bright gold from a public already in his power and then bemuses them with the production, in the name

of a play, of a coarse studio experiment—a mere pencil sketch, like one of those rough torsos with four arms attached to it, of which two are repentances of the artist. But good ideas made bad plays, and good sentiments will make bad literature.

Two names may be associated together in some future history of the origins of modern myths—Mr. J. W. Dunne and Admiral Beaufort, one a soldier and the other a sailor. Both acted in two British campaigns, and both afterwards gave their governments high technical service, one as a hydrographer, the other as an aeronaut. Both originated from Ireland, both were vigorous, disinterested and exquisitely original minds, and each gave rise to a tremendous myth about time and consciousness.

As one of these is the author of the book, I wish to be discharged of any intention to use the word *myth* either in its middle sense of a theological error, or in its older sense of a narrative in a style midway between poetry and policy. Myth may be understood to mean a perennial gift to the social imaginative fund, a presentment of some intimation of a greater reality by a seer to those who do not see, that chemically combines with, or mechanically aggregates itself to, the consciousness of the many, either for good or for less good; such as these unequal and injured examples: the Jewish myth of Adam, the platonic myth of the Shadow-cave, the baser Freudian myth of "Œdipus." Such transformable contributions to the absolute knowledge of mankind can never be less than true, and while no discoveries in the natural world can bereave them of their natural grandeur or insolence, they depend on the deepest current of social tradition as well as the highest forms of reflection for their continued existence in the consciousness. In the aspect of its frank irreverence for the moral origin of the idea of immortality, as distinct from "survival," the lopsided paradox of geometrical immortality deserves to be a myth as high as Tom Thumb, who got home by the integral calculus (or "to use non-mathematical language in addressing non-mathematical readers": by a pocketful of pebbles). But yet, in so far as it is geometrical, not to speak of its being sceptical, elliptical, and metropolitan, it is no more than an unusually brilliant facet of the integral barbarism, and merits to be the fairy birthday gift to the three future intellectual dictators: the Super-salesman, the Hyper-chauffeur and the Ultra-stenographer.

Admiral Beaufort, who created a myth a little less astounding than Mr. Dunne's, fixed his name best to the British Admiralty Tables of Wind-force, which were in use till yesterday, and exactly called the Beaufort Tables ; and he is said to be the author of a marine description of the south coast of Asia Minor. Maria Edgeworth's third stepmother was his sister, but this is more to the purpose : he was the author now forgotten of an unpublished anecdote concerning himself which has been incorporated for a hundred years in general ideas, and is therefore as good as pre-historic. Young Beaufort was knocked helpless out of a sinking boat during a successful action between his ship and a French frigate vainly sheltering under a Spanish fort. He was drowned ; but he survived, and told that in the last moment of consciousness his whole life revolved before his mind's gaze. So that, as an original witness of one of the two rarest activities of mind he stands with the author of *The New Immortality* and *The Serial Universe* in the witness-box at the solemn assize of reason, to give evidence *sponte suo* ; but he stands on a less awful oath, for he offers no circumstantial testimony of the condition of mind beyond the grave. All that he knows is, that he was snatched by his shipmates from a watery bier, as they called it in those days. Presumably he was fetched around by the usual method : being hung by the heels and rolled on a rum cask alternately.

But proceeding *ad hominem* from the premiss of his dreams of some future personal circumstance, and submitting also an unmethodically prior or simultaneous argument that a consideration of time as space would have led with equal force to the establishment of the probability of such dreams even if nobody at all ever remembered one, Mr. Dunne concludes that immortality is proved. Common sense, however, which can neither read nor write, will declare that the two procedures are altogether separate, unless coincidence is appealed to ; and that the fundamental defect of mind, which is the impossibility of its conceiving absence of consciousness, does not suddenly become the merit of being convinced of its everlasting continuance by the substitution of an hallucination of space for the common-sense conception of time. *This* must remain always, until it is supplemented more generally by the same direct intimation of an already existing future confirmed by experience. Proof to the understanding on any other terms is only proof that there is something to be

understood, not proof that it is understood. But to have carried opposition to this point is inevitably the same as to have begun to question the knowing exactness of the author, which to do is injudicious, and if done would be wrong.

Suppose that, after the Admiral had again recounted his adventure, some stranger had taken it into his head to address him in public thus : " I declare, but that's impossible, Sir Francis. Though I don't doubt for a moment but that's your true impression. The brain is an odd thing, to be sure, and its ways of operating are dark and unexpected. But I can't control the suspicion, sir, that the first time you were inspired to tell about this, you were under the influence of an unconscious desire (I'm sure there is such a thing, if one could but find it out)—not to distinguish yourself, to be sure, or give yourself an air, but to distinguish mankind as a whole. You wanted to raise the human mind in the esteem of the anatomists and their pupils, and to warn them not to meddle without discretion in print in matters that don't concern them. Judging their own brains to be the model of all brains, they're apt to make out that the organ is really a sluggish thing, you know, being only a complicated machine of a few ganglions united to a tree of nerves which has an independent branch caressing the heart and lungs. Upon my soul, some of them don't seem to hold the brain in much higher consideration than a cabbage. But I'd be doing you an injustice if I left you there with the anatomists. For you wanted to elevate the moral character of mankind, as well as exalt the intellectual capacities ; and this is where you have all my sympathy, sir. And if I could lay aside my principles you'd have my co-operation too, depend on it. But you know, I'm a past president of the Occam Society, and sworn to aid in the overthrow of all fifth wheels and sixth senses, third eyes and fourth dimensions, and all entities *praeter necessitatem*. If I was to perish for it, I couldn't resist an opportunity to try the razor's edge and crop a fallacy. But I can't tell you, sir, how heartily I endorse the disciplinary motive that must have confirmed your resolution to ornament the story. I can hear you say to yourself : Faith, if a man is convinced that before he dies he'll see all the follies and knaveries of his life stand before him together in a row, he'll think twice every time he's about to add to their number, and perchance more than once he'll turn off and do something wise or virtuous instead.

“ Yet, for one to see his whole life in a second—it surpasses all credibility, whatever subtlety and velocity you suppose the brain to have. For it amounts to saying you remembered every time you buttoned your coat, put on your hat, sneezed, made a step on the deck. You must have remembered every time you saw a sparrow, and a kittiwake, and a tuft of foam on a wave’s top, and a—why, say what you will, to think of such a stupendous compression is as much as to imagine the whole globe epitomised in a walnut.”

If the Admiral had kept his temper throughout this uncivil harangue, he might have answered : “ It’s no great concern of mine, sir, what you can imagine or not imagine ; and if yourself and the rest of the sceptical club can answer for the facts of what you know for certain, you’re welcome. And I don’t remember that I said a word about every button, or about every spangle in a glass of Dantzic brandy, you might have said. It I had to forfeit fifty pounds or show whether I’d seen Mr. Turner’s *Fighting Temeraire*-picture in Bond Street, every inch of it, beware, do you suppose I’d be put to the pains of logging the area, extent and colour, and giving the rectangular co-ordinates of every damn daub and streak of paint before an honourable creditor would acquit me ? It’s no fault of mine if the facts are inexpressible. And it doesn’t weigh on my conscience, that a man must be down by the head, all sail aback and hove-to within half a point of extinction before he may see all his life spread out in a flash as I saw mine.”

ONLY JUVENILIA

By Leslie H. Yodaiken

I.—THE BOULEVARD.

SCARLATINA is an epidemic that makes the School shut, so we are on holiday.

"I'm going to The Boulevard. Would you like to come, dear?" my grandma asks me.

"Oh, Clanbrassail Street, you mean; shure I'll come."

It is the kosher street where we go to do our shopping, the street where nasherai come from; foodstuffs that you cannot buy in O'Connor's, Burke's or Purcell's. On the shelves of its shops are stocked peppercorns, all-spice, bayleaves, smoked salmon orange-coloured and fatty, laid out on a board; and swimming in the acids of glass containers, sour cucumbers and pickled herrings.

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Outside Fleshstein's window I ask:

"What's in those wursts and sausages, grandma?"

"Meat, minced meat, my dear."

"Yes, grandma, I know. But what were they when they were alive. I mean, what sort of animals?"

But she is already at the counter, giving her order. Against the window a heavy blind is drawn to keep out the blazing sunlight, and there are delph-like raised letters, k-o-s-h-e-r, stuck on to the pane. A swarm of wasps, fighting, dead and dying, do a performance of gym exercises on the miscellaneous meats.

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In the backroom Mrs. Fleshstein shouts in a high-pitched voice:

"Paddy, oi-oi Paddelly, harry-op mit de order for Mrs. Cohen."

"Which Mrs. Cohen d'ya mean?" asks Paddy the Messenger Boy.

"Mrs. Gramophone Cohen, Paddy; gicher, gicher, Paddy," she screams back at him. On the floor there is finely grained sawdust, and, under a heavy table that resembles half a tree-trunk cut down the middle, the sawdust is freckled with blood-spots.

Her voice, pitching and tossing like the melody of Shul-singing, swims around the poultry and the chunks of red meat, saying:

"Vot meshugass, skin und bones; I should tink not . . . dem chops are darling chops, Mrs. Frankel, sweet, darling chops I tell you . . . nein-nein, I couldn't take a penny off, on my mother's life I couldn't . . . ich soll azei leben! . . . noo, gay-gay, go to Shmutsmann's if you tink he has better brisket . . . Paddy, Paddelly, are you gone mit dat order? . . . Oi-veh, dat shaygetz vill make me old before my time" . . .

"Like this chicken, Mrs. Fleshstein," remarks my grandma quietly. And everybody in the shop laughs uproariously.

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SCRAPPING THE BATEZMIR.

My mother said: "When you go to Hebrew-school, don't have anything to do with that rough crowd from the back streets." But I could find nothing bad about them.

An hour before the bell to go. All the fellas are in the school-yard, scuffling, lounging, or having spitting contests. Fatser is playing mebs with the Small Kids out of Infants in the lane. His pockets are bulging with steel ball-bearings. "Margols," the fellas call them; sometimes "Margoloth."

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All is set for the Wednesday scrap with the Batezmir. A bates is an enemy of a yid. No rocks are the conditions to-day.

"Why isn't Skinney here?" roars Yankel our Chief.

"He's getting his boots mended."

"Right-ho!" replies Yankel our Chief, "as long as he's not mitching, the schemer. And Itzka, where's Itzka?"

"He's gotta get his uncle's hens killed."

"Right-ho ! Everyone here ? Right-ho, everyone lookit."

Yankel takes out a bit of purple chalk and scrawls a word on the door of the lavvo. The letters are s.a.k.i.b.o.n.a. It is the same word that is written all over the walls of the passageway, where the distemper was scratched off and all the plaster crumbling out.

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"Sakibona," roars Yankel at the gang.

"Sakibona," roars the gang at Yankel.

"Quick march," commands Yankel our Chief, and the gang marches down the laneway, singing together the Warsong of Our Gang :

*When I was young and in my pride
I wished to go to sea,
I sailed upon a pirate ship
And bound for the Arrigo Sea ;
They tarred me allover,
They put me on the fie-yer,
And while the fie-yer was burning
They were singing all the time :*

*Captain I-go
You-go Chika-bo
Himbel la de negro
Achalerra chick-abo mary
Captain Julius' Son !*

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At the bottom of the lane the Batezmir are sighted. No-Rocks—Hands-Only are the terms of the scrapping.

"They're in for a hellova hiding, lads," confides Yankel. Crash !

Sharp bits of bluish limestone are flying down the lane with the suddenness of a clip on the ear from Auld Charley.

"Janey Mac," yells Yankel as he ducks, "the batezmir are using bricks, the lousers. Come on lads, come on . . ."

We fight like demons. We are defending everything. Everything means bulls-eyes, likerish, fizzbags, marzie-pan, lucky-packages, anniseed balls, ju-jubes.

As we are defending also slapbangs, pea-shooters, golfballs, catapults, and glass mebs, we fight to a finish, we fight like demons, and the victory is ours.

The batezmir retreat, shouting " Von Shilly, Jewman's melts, and Jewman's melons," and singing the Warsong of the Batezmir :

*Auld Jo he is a po
He goes to Church on Sunday,
He prays to God to give him strength
To bash the kids on Monday.*

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Our gang are tying hankies around our bleeding legs and knuckles, in the yard, when Fatser flings a brick out of divilment. It crashes right through the classroom window.

" Nix boys, Charley," shouts Yankel. The fellas scatter quickly. " Holy Jay, aren't yeh the right bleddy eejit, Fatser."

Charley, the master, appears on the doorstep, mad with rage, looking for the tella, and wagging his yellow cane. If a fella stags to Tsaar-lee he gets bumbed, a punishment that makes your backside pain for hours. In class the fellas call him " Tsaar-lee," because it is Hebrew for " My agony." A sickly stale unearthly smell comes from Tsaar-lee in the classroom.

" Ah, blow him. Don't mind him, the stinkpot," advises Yankel to our gang, now collected at the bottom of the lane.

" What's he stink of, Yankel?" asks Fatser, sucking up to our chief.

" Of slaughter-house guts," says Yankel, as he re-ties a bandage on his dirty knee, " he kills the carcasses, so he does."

" Naw, you're coddin' us."

" Be Janey Mac, I'm not. Me auldfella told me."

" Aw, well, if your auldfellow told yeh"

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THE COAL BLOCK MAN.

Down the lane a bell tinkles ; the coal dray ! As one man The Gang advances to meet it. The dray, drawn by a black jinnet, is piled up with lumps of coke that look as smooth as

lumps of black salt. The drayman's feet dangle from the trap in the floor of the dray like a pair of legs swinging from a rag-doll.

"Dead-man's legs," roars Yankel, to get his goat.

"Coal blocks," he shouts mournfully, taking no notice of us.

"Coal balox, c-o-o-a-l blox, co-o-a-l blox"

In a chorus the gang mimics him : "coal b'lox"

Then Yankel sings the solo part :

"Whatcha feed your mudder on ?"

"Coal B'lox," replies the drayman getting his rag up.

"Hey, mister, scut the whip," twitters Fatser in his weeny voice. The drayman looks behind him to see whether any fella is hanging on to the back of the cart. Then he takes up a bit of coke and takes aim at us, dangerously

"Yah, batzka's essence," wheezes Fatser.

"Stop cursing, or I'll give yeh a terrbel bashing," Yankel warns him.

"There's the bell, fellas," announces Yankel. "Time up !"

"Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling linga

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Me Daddy had an iron-yard in New Street, near Johnnie Fox's. We always go down there, to the stables, on a Sunday, to harness the silver-maned mare, and to go for a drive to The Strawberry Beds. At the stables are three draft-horses for the luries, the bay pony for the round trap, and the silver mare for the gig.

"Ho-ho Sammie," says Ryan The Cabman to me Da, "that's a right auld day for Baldoyle, hey ?"

"Ah-hi," says me Da, opening the wicket gate ; Ryan brings fresh bundles of grass for the horses in the summer-time.

When we get to the stables, Jemmie, the stable-man, is feeding. At the stalls, Tango leaps up from the straw, shakes his head madly, and begins to lick my clean pink knees. Tango is our new black-an-white mastiff ; a thoroughbred, as me Da says.

"Lie down, Tango !"

Clouds of white dust arise from the mare as Jemmie brushes her silky belly. Now and again she shivers.

"I've haddta run over her wid the curry as she's full av dander," says Jemmie to me Da. Then, to me: "C'mhere till I show ya;" he takes me over to the chop-cutter. "C'mhere till ye see what Santa Claus has brought yeh, in the chop-cutter, nine little kittens that the cat's after laying. Last night; be the holy smoke, nine a thim"

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All around, from the window sills behind the stables, you can hear the singing of skylarks in cages, and linnets and thrushes. Further away, the high-pitched cackle of a hen, half a hiccough, half the whinge of a baby.

"Jemmie, will you take me to the Bird Market one day?"

"Begob an I will. Aye, an buy you a redpoll too, a dandy little cock redpoll, for a tanner, all for your own-e-o"

"Stand outa tha light there now, while she's making water."

Jemmie takes up a rag, dips it in an oilcan, and begins to put a shine on the mare's hooves.

"This bleddy britchin's a bit far gone, Jemmie," says me Da. "But howndever it'll hold till morning."

"Don't forget that straddle's too small for the mare, Sir," says Jemmie, as he takes out a packet of Gola cigarettes and hands me a picture of a redsetter; "willya run across to Goldberg's and get a lend of Goldberg's straddle. Tell him it's for the silver Mare."

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Away I run from the smell of straw and manure, into the street, with Tango at my heels. "Go home, Tango!"

Itzka Goldberg blocks the way: he is licking a toffee-apple.

"Hey, Four-eyes, where didya get the big boweller?" He looks like a cross between a mongrel and a Ta-shay-mahoganny-gaspape."

Tango sniffs suspiciously at the pockets of Itzka's brown corduroy trousers.

"Hey, lay off, hunt, lave off can't yeh. He's after me gob-stoppers, the blasted boweller. Lay off me new hazen. Here, have one you. I'm just after payin' a deuce for them."

As I accept the big round sweet from Itzka, a kid with no

boots darts past us, off the path, and onto the middle of the road. We watch him shovelling up fresh steaming horse-droppings into a bucket.

"The batezmir," says Itzka, "they collect it for t'feed the chazayrim. Its hard on them. Can't even buy boots; the batzemir aren't so bad, yeh know, if you treat them decently . . ."

The kid turns towards us saying: "Well, are yiz lookin'?"

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When I bring back Goldberg's straddle to me Da, he is in the loose box talking to the biggest of the carthorses, with the white nozzle.

"Hup and Over, there, Stinker, Hup and Over," he says. Jemmie is there too. He dips a mop into a bucket of Jeyes Fluid and washes the carthorse's fetlocks.

"Them running sores is not too bad to-day, Sir. Disinfectant's the thing. Ah yes; they hum a bit still, but begor, we'll save him from the knackers yet . . ."

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"Yip, Girl!" calls my father to the silver-maned mare, as he takes out the tall whip from its special holder where it stands like a flagpole. She nearly jumps out of the shafts, and we nearly run over the copper on pointduty.

"Lock-up, Jemmie," shouts me Da, "steady girl, steady . . ." Away clopping over the cobblestones, away up Harold's Cross, sitting in the gig is great gas, racing past the trams, with Tango galloping underneath the trap. Good old Tango!

"Hoik!" says me Da; "well, Gentleman George, here we are." He sticks the flag into its special holder, like a flagpole, and tightens up the reins before tying them to the bar. After dinner it will be The Strawberry Beds for tea and soda-cake; the Round Tower at Clondalkin, and on the way back, the prisoners leaning out of Kilmainham Jail . . .

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** II.—HALCYON SQUARE DAYS.

"Much nicer companions for you to play with, those boys around Halcyon Square," my mother said: but I didn't care, one way or another . . .

Every year the Square Gang goes in for some new-fangled stunt. One year it was stamps, then glossy cigarette-pictures; after that it was steam-engines and model railways. This year it is birds-eggs.

The Gang consists of chaps from Wesley, Andrew's, High School, and Catholic University School

Rory; Peadar; Steevo; Micko; Jer; Jumbo; and Horsy. Some have nasty nicknames like "Windybrecks," or "Are-Oo-from-Karrk." We sing the names of the gang to the tune of a new song:

*Horsey keep yer tail up,
Half a mile up,
Half a mile up . . .*

It goes like this:

*O Horsy, Peadar, Steevo,
Steevo, Micko,
Jerry, Jumbo . . .*

In The Square we have nothing to do with the girls, except Jer. He calls out: "C'mhere Fionola Salmon!"

A nice girl, with long black pigtailed and a gymn-frock, stops her game of hopscotch, drops her picky, and runs over towards the Gang. Jer says to her:

"Which would you rather have, Fionola, the lick of a cat, the prod of a pin, or the juice of a lemon?"

"Let me see, eh." Fionola scratches her sleek black head bewildered. "The juice of a lemon," she answers with assurance.

'Aw, that means a Jew. Sure you'll marry a Jew," laughs Jer.

"Well, what of it if I do?"

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The egg-swapping market commences. Out come cigar-boxes and cocoa-tins, all carefully lined with fine soft grass.

"A chaffer's for a missel-thrushes!"

"Done!"

"Two blackers for a wren's!"

"That hedge-sparra's a fake, Steevo; annybody can see that egg's been dyed blue!"

"Holy Moses. Steevo's gotta Kingfisher's. Where didya get the Kinger's, Steevo?"

"I paddled across the weir at Shaw's Wood, and got it."

"What'll you take for the Kinger's, Steevo? Whew, chaps, it's a beaut, isn't it, chaps?"

"I'll take two goldfish, or a grass-snake, and a new crystal for my crystal-set, Micko."

"Done!" says Micko.

After tea, the Kingfisher's egg changes hands. Micko gets the priceless kohinoor of the egg-world. So Micko becomes boss of the Square Gang, after than, according to the law.

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"What'll we do lads," asks Micko?

"Box the fox at Barry's!"

"No, ketch pinkers at Pussy's Leap."

"Aw, no, go for a spin. Jumbo's gotta new three-speed on his bike. Let's see your three-speed, Jumbo."

"My front wheel's buckled from cornering, chaps. Let's stay in the Square and have a game of Cockarosie," says Rory.

"No! No! No! No! Relivio. Who's game for Relivio?"

"Shurrup, everybody," commands Micko. "We're going for a spin. It's too early for chessers; but we'll try Shaw's wood."

"I'm not going, you sap." Rory begins to jeer at Micko; "Are-Oo-from-Karrk," he sings.

"Mowse off, Windybreeks," taunts Micko.

"Yah! W.C.D. Call that a School! Water Closet Divers!"

"Andrew's: Stinking Ashbucket Cleaners!"

"C.U.S. saps! Cut Up Sausages! . . ."

The Gang breaks up, and we are at it, hell for leather in Halcyon Square.

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THE PICTURES.

Horsy is a good pal. We smoke together, secretly, in the bike-shed. Usually Player's Weights, which we use to bribe The Sergeant. He has a drooping walrus moustache, and when

he rings the mid-day bell, he looks just like the auction bell-ringer on the quays.

"Didya do your compo on The Spring Show?" Horsy asks me.

"Yeh."

"And your jogger ecker?"

"Yeh."

"I heard you were reported to Raspberry for tricking in a free period."

"Yeh, the Boss gave me only two on each, an easy biffing."

"Aw, to hell with Raspberry. Where didya buy the Glacier Mints?"

"At Woolers. You missed the scrap at First Break, two Jews were fighting like maniacs. Ginger Goodman and Jakey Stein. Jakey's nose was pouring blood for hours . . ."

"Would you like to try an n-k-m? Me Mater bought me a tin of them at the Spring Show."

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Horsy quickly taps his butt at the sound of foot-steps. Then he continues from where we left off.

"Lousy toffees. I prefer Sharpe's Kreemys . . . Tophole."

"Me Mater got me a new cricket rig-out yesterday. White longers, too. They fit me gifty."

"I suppose you'll be toggging out for the sports ground then?"

"Yeh, you bet. Unless it rains. Field's no good if it rains."

"If it rains, willya come to The Picks?"

"Yeh. Where? Town Hall or Prinners?"

"Town Hall's better. New Episode of Pearl White and Elmo Lincoln. Gifty! Better than 'The Lion Man,' I'm telling you."

"Right. See you outside the Town Hall at five. Cheerio."

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In the cold empty vault of The Picturehouse it is gifty to see the cantering hooves of the horses of The Good Men and The Bad Men racing noiselessly over the American rocky mountain-passes, while the lonely restless uncomfortable music from the single piano haunts the mind long after you try to fall asleep at night . . .

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THE DREAM.

It is not as easy to sleep when you are older as it was when you were younger. They you heard no noises after the last seventeen tram rumbled to the depot, except the faraway tramp-tramp-tramp-the-boys-are-marching noise, and a mouth-organ playing "Soldiers Are We," and "Wrap The Green Flag" floating into the bedroom window

Now, before you can shut-off the current of things moving and things being heard, great blocks of sliding wood move swiftly to meet great cubes of solid whiteness, and then they merge and become one, only to slide once more down tight wires like telephone wires, till they slide out of the sky altogether. Then

I am in the place with three queer words that my Grandmother went to when she took bad, Portobello Nursing Home, but it is alway different from other homes because inside it everything seems so unfriendly with the smells of a chemist shop

Everybody is talking in whispers about the Home where Grandma had to be taken and in the evenings the fire in the dining-room has its sad cheerfulness. I am drawing the heads of Red Indians in my copybooks because I cannot remember the names of the Danes and the Battle of Clontarf, as they are all talking about Grandma being in the Home

It is day, it is night, oh so long and dreary, like when poor Ernst died, only Mamma does not cry all night like when poor Ernst died

Every evening when Granpa comes home tired and coughing, he carries with him a crinkly brown paper bag with grapes or plums or usually jaffas. He leaves them on top of the *Herald* with the red badge marked city edition, with Mutt and Jeff inside it, while he goes up to the bathroom, before saying "Some jaffas for Grandma."

So that everybody wears a sort of dread and emptiness, a wintry emptiness, not a summery emptiness of Sunday afternoons around The Square, with only the dong of the chapel bells or the yip-yap of greyhounds chasing rabbits beyond The Ramparts . . .

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He fags home every evening by tram because he will not buy a motorcar like any other sensible person of his years. A

sixteen or a seventeen tram takes you home; a sixteen has cushions of dirty yellow corduroy, but a nineteen has cushions of red velvety stuff, and when it crosses the bridge you go whoop-we-go

On the canal-bridge is the place where Grandma went, beside the locks near the harbour where turf is stacked in high-up piles, and where blue smoke wriggles up from the barges

Near the locks, at the canal bridge, the water can be lifted up or lowered down like on a tray. There is a special man to do it, and then the water splashes down wildly over the mildewy planks, down, down, into the Death Pool

It is a death pool, deep and dangerous, ever since a white puppydog was drowned there, struggling with its tiny paws before it sunk down, down to its death among the floating corks and hunks of grass and the lid of a King George chocolate-box . . .

Diana wheels the pram away from the railings on the bridge, where a young lad has his neck screwed in between them, looking down into the death pool, and she says: "The poor little mite. Come away now, a gra," so I knew that the puppy was drowned and dead and still dead

Walking beside Diana, along the Rathmines Road, we pass now and again soldiers in khaki whom some people call Tommies, but Diana says they are British Military, and no cause to be here at all

The shops are all lit up for Christmas, with crackers and raisins and candid peel in the windows, and I am walking home in the frosty evening beside Diana, singing the baby asleep in the pram; as she wheels it along singing softly: "I'm sitting on the style, Mary, where we sat side by side"

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Going to school in the round-trap, one morning, I see big whitewashed letters on the walls. They spell: "Up I.R.A.," and "Up I.F.S." In the playground, fellas are divided into groups, calling out: "Up Th' Regglars," and "Up Th' Iregglars"

In the backlane the kids all shout: "Up The Green White an Yella: To Hell wid The Red White an Blew"

My mother said : " Be careful you don't get mixed up in arguments. These are troubles that it does not pay us to be dragged into."

But I fought against Th' Regglars, just the same.

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*** III.

WHEN GRATTAN SHUTS IT.

Most people moved South of the Canal when they became well-off, and they grew conceited about their change of address. Itzka Goldberg has a well-to-do uncle who resides in Halcyon Terrace, and Itzka goes to Uncle Velvel's to spend the Holy Days, Yomtov. He sleeps in the spare room where hang huge frames with yellow faded photographic enlargements of great-grandfathers with snowy beards, great grandmothers with black glossy wigs, and both with fixed stares. Uncle Velvel made his money at enlargements. . . .

Itzka Goldberg awakes (and it is Thursday) to see the gray vacuum of sky pieced above the rattling blind. At first, the clatter of dishes in the back scullery of Diamond's, the next-door neighbours, and then the pad of Lizzie's heavy feet on the flagged path. A sad day, and he will have to go to the dairy with the tinny milkcan, shiny like the nickel of handlebars, that is special for Passover, and bring it home filled, in time for the midday meal.

The milk has to be filled into that self-same can, straight from the cow, with a Jew supervising, but the milking could be done by anybody, even a Chinaman.

Maybe it would rain. If it did, Itzka could delay in the elmwoods of Mount Argus, to take shelter. He would go, picking his way through the fronds and the thick brambles, to take a dekko at " the robins " in a rusty bucket hid under the nettles, or the scalls in the hole of a ruined wall, or " the wrens." The kids in Harold's Cross once broke into Flanagan's orchard and destroyed a wren's nest. And then they sang :

*" The ran, the ran, the King of all birds,
'Twas St. Stephens'es Day she was caught in the firs. . . "*

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Lizzie comes in with a cup of tea.

"The post is after comin' wid a latter for ye. I see from the blue paper that it must be from your mot," she announces mockingly.

"It so happens that it's not. It's from me cousin Lou in Scotland, because I wrote to him only last week; so now . . ." drawling at her defiantly, as Lizzie leaves the room saying: "Ach now, yerra . . ." for her last word.

Itzka reads the contents of the letter. Whatever they be, they act as a stimulant, for he reacts to them like to the impact of a live switch, springs out of bed, dresses hurriedly, goes down to the kitchen, snatches from the dresser a crisp round of egg-matzoth and the can. With these, and his thoughts, he sets off for Flynn's.

Arriving there, he crosses the dairy yard and makes for the whitewashed cowhouse with the pitched roof. Over to the warmth of the stalls he tiptoes, across the newly-swept gutter, and inhales with rapt pleasure the smells of straw and grounds and mangold-feeding . . .

On his little one-legged stool squats Titterpins, his felt hat all crown, as grotesque as a tudor yokel's, and smoothed to a veneer of hairlessness from constant rubbing against cows' bellies; his wizened little monkey face, half murderous, half jovial, lights up with a ruffianly smile:

"Goodmorreh yerself," says Titterpins.

"I am well, thanks."

He is draining the dugs of a Shorthorn with steady leverage.

"What's dat I hear about auld Ziggmann?"

"I don't know anything about him."

"That he's sold the boik, and now, be the suffering cats, that he's serving out the milk from a round trap."

"Well, an' what's that to do with me?"

"Ah, mebbe it wouldn't," says the man, rising and carrying the pail full of frothy milk to pour it into an eight-gallon can.

"And what about dem auld pair a trousers yeh promised me, this past seven-month?"

"I'll bring them along on Monday," says Itzka.

"Aye, when Grattan shuts it," smirks Titterpins. "Give us here dat can of yours till I giveya some black milk from a black cow."

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As he tucks in his little wriggly shoulders under the placid animal, he breaks into a song :

*Mr. Patrick MacGinty,
An Irishman of note,
Fell in for a fortune
An' bought hisself a goat,
Said he sure of goat's milk
I'm bound to have me fill,
But when he brought the nanny home
He found it was a Bill !*

"There's a song wid a bit av a lep in it, hey ?

"It's not so good as The Crushkeen Lahn, though . . ."

Silence. Then—

"Why don't you milk that one over there in the other shed, Titterpins ?"

"Arra, we only milk that wan on Good Frideh."

"Is it a cow or a heifer, Titterpins ?"

"It's neither. We use that wan only for special kosher occasions."

"It has funny milkers."

Itzka gazes intently at the meshing of a cobweb, thick as a grey sponge, in a cranny of the sun-warmed pane.

"Will you give me a jant when you go to the fields ?" asks Itzka.

"Aye, mebbe. Tell us here, how much did your Auld Lad give Haymann for the blood horse he bought at Edenderry ?"

"I don't know."

"Aw, so yeh don't know. We'll see about that."

Another silence. Itzka turns and looks out at the bright oblong of sunlight framed in the doorway. Dreamily he watches a willy-wagtail tripping daintily on the cobbled yard. It pauses to examine the putrid dark liquid of a little puddle for maggots.

"Lookit me knees catchin' their death a cauld. What about them auld pair a trousers yeh promised me ? Now, I'm tellin yeh, if yeh don't bring dem along to-morreh I'll murther yeh wid them two hands !" . . . Titterpins makes a start, pretending to attack Itzka. Then he lifts up the can and hands it to him, saying : "There'll be no more jants for yeh if yeh don't bring me dat suit a clothes ! . . ."

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On the way home Itzka feels strangely oppressed. He tears up the bright blue notepaper of Cousin Lou's Letter, and ignores the huckster shops where you can buy water-pistols, cap-pistols, shot-guns, catapults, and jack-knives for a tanner. . . .

MOORE AND MITCHEL IN BERMUDA

By Dermot Fahy

BERMUDA has had two Irish visitors of fame. Each arrived in a British man-of-war, but there, resemblance began and ended. For two Irishmen could hardly be more unlike than Tom Moore and John Mitchel ; nor could there be a much wider gap than between the Registrar of the Vice-Admiralty Court and Convict Number 2014.

Moore arrived in H.M. Sloop *Driver* on January 8th, 1804, to seek a living and departed at the end of April not having found one. On June 20th, 1848, when Moore's problems of living had almost ceased, H.M.S. *Scourge* brought John Mitchel into Bermuda to serve the first part of his sentence of fourteen years' transportation ; and ten months later the convict ship *Neptune* embarked the felon for the Cape.

The little islands had not, therefore, a very large share in the lives of these Irishmen. Nevertheless, both left written record of their stay ; and so seldom has fame touched these shores that the islands have found the utmost use for one record, the poet's, and bedeck with his tributes the publicity propaganda with which, to-day, they attract the American Tourist. The convict also left his tribute, more genuine because more hardly won, but it is ignored, and wisely, no doubt, for the recommendation of a felon would hardly appeal to Main Street.

The Bermudas are in a backwater off the main English stream of colonization. They boast no aboriginal population, unless it be the demons which the early mariners credited with possession of the place—storm demons mainly, for the islands had an unhealthy reputation owing to the many wrecks on the formidable reef barriers. It was a storm that drove a shipload of Virginia-bound colonists off their course in July, 1607 ; Bermuda, unexpectedly, proved their salvation instead of their grave. They stayed only long enough to build boats and get

away, but their leader, Sir George Somers, became convinced that the islands were worth colonising.

So the Virginia Colony developed them as a subsidiary of their main venture, but the experiment was never fully successful. Andrew Marvell expressed the true position when he wrote :

“Where the remote Bermoothes ride
On ocean’s bosom unespied.”

Until the great solution was presented to the island in the twentieth century of becoming a holiday resort for their neighbours, they had no adequate *raison d’être*.

Agriculture, the carrying trade, boat-building, privateering, each has at times brought wealth to the Colony, but never for long.

A soft, balmy climate produced an easy way of life, made easier by slave labour brought in from the West Indies, and no serious attempt was ever made to cultivate intensively and profitably the islands’ very fruitful soil.

Unmoved by the political fevers on the mainland, Bermuda took no part in the struggle of the North American Colonies for independence. It remained loyal, and the incidental reward for its loyalty was the development of the islands as a British naval base. Large works were commenced, first with slaves and then with convicts from England ; among whom, towards the end of the undertaking, was John Mitchel.

This development was in its infancy when Tom Moore came to Bermuda. He was twenty-four. In the social world of London he had already established a reputation as a singer of more than ordinary feeling and ability, and as the translator of some very pleasing verses from the Greek poet, *Anacreon*. Without doubt he was also a young man of very considerable personal charm. He had a legal training and a degree with which to furnish himself with a livelihood. Patronage was in that day the normal method of appointment for those lucky enough to be able to exercise it. The young Moore had come to town with introductions to many notabilities ; on one of these, Lord Moira, he relied for many years, but the Bermuda post was all that ever came out of that particular bag.

Moore was deceived into thinking that there was a living in the job. It was in any event difficult for him to refuse

patronage's first offer and his first chance of a livelihood, so he turned his back on the urban sophistication so dear to him, and embarked with youthful enthusiasm.

He was lucky enough to get a passage from England to the United States of America in a man-of-war, the frigate *Phaeton*, nominally as the Secretary of the Ambassador to the United States, Mr. Merry. A notable picture is presented of the young poet by an impartial critic, "I thought you the first day you came aboard," said the first lieutenant, "the damndest conceited little fellow I ever saw, with your glass cocked up to your eye." But this contempt had given way to affection before the voyage was over, and Moore was in fact as popular in the frigate's gun-room as in a London salon.

They parted at Norfolk, Virginia, where Moore, put ashore under ambassadorial auspices, found friends to beguile the tedium of waiting for a free passage to Bermuda. His hostess "cried and said she never parted with anyone so reluctantly" when, after a couple of months, her guest was embarked in H.M. Sloop *Driver*. The week's passage to Bermuda was bad. On the worst day the poet, tied to the table, ate "the heartiest dinner of beef-steak and onions."

Moore was entranced with his first sight of Bermuda and was moved to poetry which must not be dismissed as insincere merely because it is lavish.

"Bright rose the morning, every wave was still
When the first perfume of a cedar hill
Sweetly awak'd us and with smiling charms
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms."

Round the fairy harbour for three months Moore enjoyed life to the full, in a beneficent climate which, he wrote naively to his mother, gave him roses in his garden and green peas on his dinner table. He had an entrée into the houses of the leading colonists, and one house he immortalised. Walsingham, the residence of Mr. Samuel Trott, saw him so often that, to-day, it is called Tom Moore's Tavern, and visitors are shown a tree beneath which the poet wrote his verses. Thousands do in fact see it. For however moribund may be Tom Moore's fame in the Old World and neglected by visitors his Sloperton house and

Bromham grave, the Bermudians have seen to it that their one link with fame suffers no such obscurity. On the cover of their publicity folders are figured his lines :

“ Could you but view the scenery fair
That now beneath my window lies
You'd think that nature lavish'd here
Her purest wave, her softest skies
To make a heaven for love to sigh in
For bards to live and saints to die in.”

While every American tourist as a matter of course sees the Tavern and the Tree.

Moore's gaiety and high spirits were enhanced by his early decision to return home. He had doubts about the value of his post before he left America (“ From what I have heard,” he wrote home, “ since I came closer to the channels of correct information, I strongly suspect that we shall not, dearest mother, be long separated ”), and they were confirmed soon after arrival. Only a Spanish war he considered would have made his Prize Court job profitable. His business activities did not certainly interfere with his pleasure while in the islands ; and he was satisfied, when April came, to leave the conduct of the post in the hands of a deputy.

It was an unfortunate decision. He had continual trouble with this deputy and his successors ; and fourteen years later one of them absconded with the equivalent of £6,000—with three consequences of significance for the poet. He had to live abroad for two years to escape imprisonment for debt ; Byron gave him his *Memoirs* as an aid out of his difficulties, and then by his sudden death involved Moore in the complicated circumstances that led him to destroy the *Memoirs* and earn the permanent reproach of posterity.

More important perhaps, Moore's difficulties showed him to possess the sincere friendship and respect of so many men of real quality as to dispose decisively of the shallow criticism of the poet as a sycophant, ladies' man and, as Edmund Gosse put it, “ a butterfly of the salons.”

No shadow of this cloud spoiled his happiness at the time. He was homeward bound ! The naval squadron went north directly the Canadian winter gave way to spring and opened up

the harbours; and Moore seized the opportunity of another free passage.

He sailed towards the end of April, 1804, agog to spend his saved passage money on a visit to the States and he left behind him a memory of youth, gaiety and music to which the records of the colonists for many years later bear witness.

II.

On May 27th, 1848, John Mitchel lay under the atrocious sentence of fourteen years' transportation—the sentence of a Dublin jury backed deliberately and openly by Lord Clarendon. He was thirty-three years of age.

In the prison on Spike Island, four days later, he was told that he was to be sent to Bermuda. On June 1st he was taken aboard H.M.S. *Scourge* which weighed anchor the same day.

Mitchel was to be treated on passage as a person of education and a gentleman—so the Castle gave orders to Captain Wingrove, a “quiet, saturnine, bilious, thin man . . . not at all a bluff seaman or a jolly tar or the like.” Unfortunately for the thin gentleman, Government later had to repudiate these orders under Parliamentary criticism and justify their leniency on fictitious grounds; and Captain Wingrove became presumably still more saturnine under displeasure that only stopped short of court-martial.

Meantime, Mitchel had a passage of decent amenities, the Naval Officers being obviously only too glad to be free to treat him as they found him—an equal in class and in intelligence. A hot midsummer crossing of the South Atlantic brought them on June 20th to the first sight of Bermuda's “low hummocks” on the horizon.

There was no convict settlement in Bermuda as in other colonies; British convicts served part of their sentences as labourers on the naval works. They were housed in three great hulks, lying inside the breakwater.

Mitchel's *Scourge* instead of following Moore's *Driver* into the “fairly harbour” of St. Georges, took the long ship channel winding then, as now, in and out of the reefs on a course parallel to the north shores of Bermuda to the ten-mile distant anchorage off the naval base at Ireland Island. His first impressions were

rather more critical than Moore's. "The whole surface of all the islands is made up of hundreds of low hillocks many of them covered with a pitiful scraggy brush of cedars . . . the land is . . . of a most naked and arid, hungry and thirsty visage . . . Heavens! what a burned and blasted country." It was mid-summer and the climate subtropical, but even so his words were too severe. He modified them immediately, "Verily the land is a good land."

He soon learnt that he was to be housed in the convict hulk *Dromedary* ("no sea-side cottages or cedar valleys for me—à l'outrance then Gaffer Bull"); to his relief, however, he was to be kept separate from the convicts, and he was not to work or have any intercourse with them. No special leniency was here, only fear that the firebrand might rouse the prisoners. His very presence, in fact, brought greater restrictions to the limited liberty of these unfortunates. Quite obviously Bermuda's Governor was embarrassed by the responsibility of this unusual prisoner, particularly when sympathisers in New York threatened to equip a vessel and rescue him.

His first accommodation was in a space six feet square formed around the hole where the mast had once been. There was only room to swing his hammock diagonally, and cockroaches were his constant company. This wretched hole was soon changed for a cabin measuring five feet by six feet by fourteen feet with window and furniture, and there he remained throughout his stay in Bermuda, except for two brief visits to the hospital hulk. The first was made within a week of arrival. A report by the *Scourge's* surgeon of the prisoner's one fit of asthma on the voyage out was responsible for the change. It was a very pleasant change for Mitchel, for the hospital hulk lay well out of sight of the convict hulks in a most beautiful bay formed by well-wooded islands. The surgeon in charge was a kindly educated man. Alas for Mitchel! His New York friends so disturbed Government that he was removed back to *Dromedary* after ten days.

Nor did he go to the hospital again until just before leaving Bermuda, despite the fact that asthma from being an excuse decame a demon, the very humid climate abetting. He writes of the "delicious" and "glorious bright" weather of September but asthma gripped him at the end of the month and through-

out the winter he became increasingly thin and weak. "I would give all the books I ever read for a pair of lungs that would work." He was not ill-treated, but he would ask for nothing. He was even reluctant to accept ordinary civilities given by men out of decency of heart. "If time for consideration had been given me I would have refused the courtesy of these decent fellows! What! shall I — I, John Mitchel, accept presents, almost eleemosynary presents from officers of the Queen of England?" A revealing statement. Later a shaft of self-criticism penetrated this attitude; "By heaven, it cannot be but I am pigeon-livered and lack gall to make oppression bitter. Go to—I will lash myself into suitable rage. But it will not do. The next time old Dr. Hall comes in with his grey hairs and good old weather-beaten countenance, and begins to talk, my armour of sullen pride will fall to pieces; the human heart that, I suppose, is in me will know its brother, and I will find myself quietly conversing with that old man, as friend with friend."

That old man, the hospital doctor, persuaded Mitchel to make at least one request, an application to be removed from Bermuda for reasons of health. There was talk of a ship coming in the spring to take a selection of convicts on to the Cape to start a convict settlement in that colony. Convict 2014 was among those chosen.

So Mitchel passed the months till the spring, eating, sleeping (when asthma permitted), reading (poor matter, "vile compilations called 'Family Libraries'"), writing (some good stuff here particularly criticisms of Bacon and Macaulay) and very occasionally hearing news from home. This went the way of his liking at first, a vigour of repression that, he felt certain, would ensure a vigour of revolt, "everything goes on in the genuine '98 style. I like all this very well." But the ineffectiveness of Smith O'Brien's revolt distressed him, "O'Brien has been driven into doing the very thing that ought not to have been done . . . no rising must *begin* in the country. Dublin streets for that." (Prescience!) Yet the brutality of the sentences of the leaders might still, he thought, save the country. In the meantime successful revolt was obviously deferred. "How long!" he writes; "How long! . . . Would to God there were some one found in Ireland to press the enemy hard now."

On April 5th, 1849, the convict ship *Neptune* arrived. Mitchel

was permitted to return to the hospital hulk and his last ten days were comparatively happy. "The spring weather here has become most genial and sky, sea and land are altogether lovely to see. This ship . . . swings by the head . . . and I can see the whole amphitheatre of islands circling panoramically round as the wind shifts . . . as I open my eyes, I can see from my pillow once more the dawn blushing and the eastern side of St. George's a perfect amethyst."

On April 22nd, 1849, he wrote : " My last day in Bermuda ; it is a bright spring morning . . . Four o'clock — at sea. The cedar-groves of Bermuda are sinking below the hazy horizon."

He was pleased to leave and no doubt Bermuda was relieved to see him go, particularly the Governor and the convicts. To-day there is no trace of his presence, no Tavern and Tree to show American visitors. The hulks are long gone, though the convict-built dockyard still remains ; and the present writer has often looked from his office window to the spot not one hundred yards distant where Mitchel's *Dromedary* lay alongside the breakwater, while beyond, across ten miles of sparkling sea, there would stand out clear in the crystal air the hills and houses of St. George's, clustering around Moore's " fairy harbour."

Bermuda, if she but knew it, has seen the antitheses of Irish type ; after the gay sunshine of Moore, the sombre shadow of Mitchel whose sincere humourless fanaticism compels respect, even inspires devotion, but excludes so much human laughter and gaiety. Ireland perhaps would never have been saved without the destroyer and the good hater. Mitchel was such a one ; as he himself wrote :— " In all nature do you not see that some powers and agents have it for their function to abolish and demolish and derange, other some to construct and set in order ? But is not the destruction, then as natural and needful as the construction ?—Rather tell me pray which is construction— which destruction ? This destruction *is* creation . . . the revolutionary leveller is your only architect."

His type is the need, and the product, of a special epoch, the epoch of revolution ; whereas Moore is the human type of all time. Into the hands of the John Mitchels inevitably falls the conduct of revolutionary activity in any country. It is they who alone can take the necessary political steps, the deliberate, willed action of revolutionary policy. If the revolution is success-

ful as in modern Ireland, the end may be claimed to justify the means ; if unsuccessful as in Mitchel's case, it is more difficult to assess the profit and loss.

Moore took no part in revolutionary activity, in fact deliberately shunned it in Emmet's day, and has been blamed unjustly for his act. Revolution was not his method of activity, and he would have hindered, not helped. He followed his natural disposition and to the country which in his own way he genuinely loved he gave the joy and consolation of immortal verse.

And who shall say which had the greater effect in keeping alive the soul of Ireland for fifty years, the memory of John Mitchel or the Irish Melodies of Tom Moore ?

MAGIC AND MYSTERY

In the history of engraving, apart from the broad general matter for study, lies one subject which possesses its peculiar own niche among the arts : the playing card. There have been various packs, but nothing certain seems to be discoverable about the origins of these curiously significant objects. Yet they have a suggestive importance in the history of culture. They have made a pastime with an extraordinary varied sting and tang. In the modern world they have almost universal currency in every degree of society. And still there is nothing to tell about their original devisers, and not much more about those who have adapted them to their present purposes. The shadows of dark time catch about them in the days before the printing press. There is a record of the painting of a set for a king of France some while earlier than print, but as a source for their beginnings China is alleged, and India ; somewhere sufficiently far off to permit a full fling of imagination.

So we are ill-instructed as to whether there have been few or many variants upon the suits and figures as we possess them to-day. Their past is darkened, also, because of their sinister and clouded glory as a prime device of the devil, his picture book and missal of prayers. Thus the playing card has stood somewhat aloof among the productions of designer, engraver and printer. The last, as a trader merchanting, speedily insisted upon a set scheme of rigid pictorial symbol : the selected pattern was on the way to becoming stabilised. A commodity of standardised type and quality was in the making and, for once, a record of traditional symbolism was put in the way of preservation by petrefaction.

Already there were two different sets to choose from. There was one which suited the more urgent temperament of the western lands of Europe. That is the playing card which has survived as predominant in games and pastimes : a bundle of counters to number off the idle hours of the new age of the Renaissance. It has never lost the marks of its great days. There is all memory of noble gesture and garb, high splendour in manners, about the design of its picture patterns as they yet exist. They were stabilised at their point of highest exaltation. Before the last ends of the mediaeval delight in pattern had fled, a hint of its yet extant memory under the Tudor age crept into the playing cards. Something endures of a bearded regal dignity, and a queenly serenity, and a nobility in a knave, about their faces. Amusingly, at the other end of the social scale, a very similar survival can be compared in the puppet play of Punch. His contemporary stylised costume has come down almost unchanged, peascod doublet and short trunk breeches inevitably telling the date of Punchinello's arrival from other lands.

Both Punchinello-Pantaloon and the playing card, once stabilised in figure and form, seem to have spread abroad chiefly from the same city of Italy, Venice. Naturally so, for it was the chief commercial emporium between East and West. New and ingenious ideas were adapted and spread from that great port of the old world. Certainly the more elaborate set of cards called Tarocco—Tarok—Tarot seem to have been known there first of all. That pack is still used in the more easterly parts of Europe for popular card games. But the countries on the Atlantic coasts engaged themselves with the simpler pack of fifty-two cards. Four thirteens seemed enough to play with : ten simple sets of pips and three

dignities, king, queen and knave to each suit. And Heart, Club, Diamond and Spade is a very neat convention : there is also of course the Joker to make further play if ever needed.

The other side of Europe, the area of older habits and the Byzantine tradition, still holds to Tarok, at least amongst the folk. That pack contains a much more complicated scheme of figures. To begin with, there are twenty-two major cards, arcane figures of symbolical purport. They begin with one called the Juggler and finish at the twenty-first figure, the World. There is an extra card numbered nought, its name is the Fool : equivalent, no doubt, with the Joker of the lesser pack. There is a sort of queerness about the notion that the cipher equals the Fool.

Then there are also the customary cards of the four suits, very similar to the usual set but having an additional four Knights, one to each suit. And the symbols are Swords and Coins, Staves and Cups. These, manifestly, parallel with Spades and Diamonds, Clubs and Hearts. Between the set of occult major card symbols and the suits there is no really obvious and close relation. The former are, in part, reasonably obvious in general purport, Death, Devil, Wheel of Fortune, Tower, Lovers. But other of the symbol figures are obscure in meaning ; and of order and sequence there seems little trace among them.

However, in the platonizing days of the Renaissance they suggested the production of a group of fifty engraved figures of peculiar power and excellence. In design and execution they stand in the topmost order of technical beauty. Generally known as the 'Mantegna Pack,' criticism has failed to assign them with assurance to any other artist, yet declines to agree to him as their author. Still the technique is of his school. Mantegna was the true deviser of the method, and in these designs—banal as pictured figures of Muses, Sciences, Virtues and Spheres have since become—its qualities of aesthetic completeness are astonishingly displayed. Nothing since done in elaboration or simplification has gone beyond that summary decisive, deliberated burin stroke for sheer power and expression. All the qualities which kept freshness and easy simplicity in Italian engraving during the ensuing age are there established. Mantegna found no purpose in vain dexterities, nor for twirls and twiddling tendrils, his sole intent was clarity of expression and strength in form. He sought always, with a seemingly naive directness, for the close and firm logic of structure best expressed in line. The superfluous skill exhausted by the Germans in overmeaningful rotundities, drapings and crinklings of robes, twirls and curls of adjuncts and tendrils of decorative elaboration had no part in his severe and serious vision.

A high understanding of classical design has filled the splendid figures, easily and powerfully moving in space and flowing air. They lift themselves philosophically above and beyond time and are nobly free in space. And it seems almost strange to consider these clarified and rationalised symbols to have derived from the obscure mystery of the twenty-two Arcana of the Tarot. However, another path remained for the occult student, another vast field to disport in. After various prophets had passed that way, its chief exponent appeared in the Romantic magician Éliphas Lévi, in the mid-nineteenth century. Already the terms to be employed were those of another era, and the Abbé Constant, to give him his true name, had an amazing story. It was no longer platonism but magian ritual which offered the key he expounded.

He was a real teller of tales, and he professed to declare secrets out of the arcane schools. Magical wonders were to be made plain. The Tarot was transformed into a wonder-book of occult wisdom, an absolute clue and key to the Tree of Life of Kabbalism. Others had preceded him through the years of the seventeenth and eighteenth century, but his was the final masterstroke.

The background of the whole matter can be summed up in a short description of the reasons alleged to have led to the institution of the Tarot cards in their first origins. When the great temples of Egypt and their hierarchies were doomed to overthrow by the foreign invader's intolerance, the priests conferred about the means to keep extant their old traditional wisdom in face of the destroyer. By their decision the images of revelation on the walls of the chambers of initiation were inscribed on counters or cards and the whole learning of the adyta translated into the terms of a prognosticating game. Thus metamorphosed into a sophisticated folly it was handed over to the tribes of mountebanks and jugglers. So equipped they were sent out from the sacred land to face the wide world as the Gypsies. The antique wisdom of the land of Khem was thus transmuted into the roadside cunning of the fortune telling Egyptian.

It is not easy to find facts to confirm the story. Of course, from one of the last offshoots of the Romantic school, as the Abbé Constant appears to have fair claims to be, it carries into other fields the intimate apprehension of wonder which was the life-blood of the Romantic attitude to living. But both sets of playing cards are a survival, and though in the period since they have been in wide use and knowledge, many others have been devised as variant pastimes, none have possessed their enduring quality or interest. Oddly, the ordinary pack of fifty-two cards has still retained their formal stylisation of Renaissance cast: the others—the Tarots—have passed through strange hands since they have been relegated to the offices of prognostication and character sifting. Interpretative designs by occult seers, warlocks, sorcerers and magic-masters have been delivered upon the world, futile in style and sadly wanting in comparable dignity of design, even beside the roughest of the earlier wood block cutters' efforts.

However, avoiding the elaborate symbolism of the Tarot Trumps, the parallels and implications of the simpler figures of the four suits have a sufficiently queer suggestiveness. There the inquiring imagination of the Romantics had anticipated, as in so much else, later findings under more scientific auspices. They broke ground which ethnologists have since purviewed and called comparative religion. Beliefs, fancies, enthusiasms, ecstasies, inward and outward manifestations of delight in rediscovery of the dreaming soul of the world have a way of renewing themselves. That which is not very reasonable has, nevertheless, happened again and yet again in poets and, too, in all sorts of other people. And a long tradition holds the threads together. All these fancies are not simply vain.

The number of the cards in the pack suggests the year and the division into suits the seasons, as is familiarly believed. Comparison of the symbols of the suits, the pips, gives some confirmation and helps in the equation with the pips of the Tarot suits. They are symbols of time; necessary, essentially, for a device to be employed to kill time—to nurse the pinion that impels the steel. The four royal stars of the four quarters of the skies provide the suggestive clue. The symbol of the Heart—in the Tarot pack the Cup—equates with Regulus, the

great star at the Lion's heart, in the sign Leo. Beneath Leo stands the constellation of the cup of stars, Crater. In the opposite quarter of the heaven, the sign of winter on the year, is Fomalhaut, the star in the Fish's mouth. That corresponds to the Tarot suit of the Coin bearing the five-pointed star, and also to the Diamond of the usual pack. Beside the royal star, Aldebaran, in Taurus lies the club of Orion to signify Club or Stave, while, in the opposite angle of the sky is Scorpio's Antares for the Sword or Spade. Either is a significant correspondent to that dark sign of Death or the Grave.

There is a faint backward track to be found in the earlier images of high romance of the old epic of Arthur and the Round Table. Across its scenes move four great symbols that derived out of Celtic story and became for the time enhallowed : the Cup and Dish, the Sword and Spear. A wild chivalric mystery had sprung out of the new civilizing splendour called Gothic on the western coasts of the world ; a tale made by Celt and Norman out of the clash of meeting and battle alliance from pagan myth. Though not until Tudor days did it come to be Englished by Malory.

Were there no more to be said all would seem to be just a curious matter of hazard. But away back into far history there has been a vast and strange consistency in the relation of the four royal stars, the four corners of heaven with the figures of high angels and saints, going beyond John's Apocalypse even to the vision of the mighty creatures of the stars, the four great Zoa, which made up the blazing image of the cherub among the wheels of heaven that Ezeckiel saw. For man has never been content with his myth unless it brought the four corners of the world and its winds to witness. The quarternion figure brought inner conviction. Whatever else it was, or might be, it was all square. His imagination held to numbers to lift him over the naked terrors of human feebleness and mental uncertainty against the fell completeness of the nature of the beast.

Out of a wretched fear-haunted savagery Man revealed himself to himself in the master vision of the masker, dancing the ritual of the four masters of life. The human visage set amid the symbolised powers of the world's corners showed his new assertion : Man, Lion, Bull and Eagle. Once, if the stars record a true tale, the symbols had been something such as Horse, Lion, Bull and Scorpion ; significant images of the primal winds that first blew, to whirl around the dragon egg of the world. Out of that dream was born the dance of man's daemonic sense of life expressed by the typical primitive medicine-man shaman, hierophant initiator : Lion-maned, Bull-horned, Serpent-encoiled, Eagle-winged, bearing sceptre-staff and thunderbolt. Such was the ceremonial image of the first man that saw himself as centre of creation. The Gentiles called him Phanes and Eros and Hercules and many another heroic title.

Still, let us get back again to the immediate subject. There it is, far-fetched as it seems : the celestial Lion is symbolised by the Heart, Man by the Diamond, Bull by Club and Eagle (or Scorpion) by Spade. There are also here and there among the picture cards axes, symbols of thunder, and also sceptres, quite unrelated to the significance of the suits. However, all are projections out of the prodigious and fertile imagination of man, all the symbols spring from that one source, whether their images are flung across the sphere of the starry skies or strewed on slips of cards about a green table.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY OF DR. DOUGLAS HYDE

(AN CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN).

Note.—This bibliography collates all books written by, or edited by, Dr Hyde. I give at the end particulars of the most important of his contributions to other books—and some notes as to his contributions to periodicals, but these are naturally not exhaustive.

While I believe this bibliography to be, within its intention, complete, I have found the greatest difficulty in establishing dates, and even in establishing priority in the same year, and I shall welcome any corrections, or any information of any sort bearing on it.

(1) LEABHAR SGEULAIĞEACHTA, 1889.

Leabhar Sgeulaiğeachta/Cruinnigte agus curta le céile/le/Dúbhghlaire de n-íre./ (An Craoibhin Aoibhinn)/.i. Douglas Hyde, L.L.D./Dall de Cómaire Leabhar na Saeuitse,/Dall de'n Cumann Pan-Ceilteac, gc./Daire-át-éilac./ Clóduite le Gill, Spáio Uí Cónaill./1889.

8vo: $7\frac{1}{8}$ x $4\frac{5}{8}$: pp. viii+262: Comprising Half title, with verso blank, pp. [i-ii]: Title, with copyright note on verso, pp. [iii-iv]: Roim-focat pp. [v]-vii: page [viii] blank: Text, pp. [1]-212: Notes pp. [213]-261: page [262] blank.

Issued in buff wrappers, printed in black on front cover. All edges trimmed. The Rev. Euseby D. Cleaver financed the publication of this book.

(2) BESIDE THE FIRE (1890).

BESIDE THE FIRE/A COLLECTION OF/IRISH GAELIC FOLK STORIES./EDITED, TRANSLATED, AND ANNOTATED/BY/DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., M.R.I.A.,/(AN CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN)/MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE GAELIC UNION; MEMBER OF THE PAN-CELTIC/SOCIETY, ETC./WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES/BY/ ALFRED NUTT/TWO-LINE QUOTATION IN IRISH, WITH TRANSLATION/LONDON:/DAVID NUTT, 270. 271 STRAND/ 1890.

8vo: $8\frac{5}{8}$ x $5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. lviii+204: Comprising Half title, with advertisement of other books by Dr. Hyde and Mr. Nutt on verso, pp. [i-ii]: Title, with printer's imprint on verso, pp. [iii-iv]: Dedication, with verso blank, pp. [v-vi]: Contents with verso blank, pp. [vii-viii]: Preface, pp. [ix]-1: Postscript by Alfred Nutt, pp. [li]-lviii: Fly title, page [1]: Text, pp. [2]-203: Page [204] blank. The first six stories are in Irish, with an English translation, the others in English.

Issued in green cloth, blocked in gilt on spine and in gilt and black on front cover. Top and fore edges untrimmed, bottom edges trimmed. Black end papers.

This book consists of six new stories, Irish text, with English translation, and a literal English translation of half the stories in *Leabhar Sgeuluiréacta*. In 1893, M. Georges Dottin published under the title of *Contes Irlandais*, the Irish text of the *untranslated* stories in *Leabhar Sgeuluiréacta*, with a French translation, on opposite pages. This is, of course, a different book from the *Contes Irlandais* of 1901. [See next item for a collation of this, traced since bibliography went to printer].

In 1892 Gill reprinted, under title *Coir na Teineadh*, the first of the stories in this book, and the last five of the riddles, with four pages of notes. The Irish text only. In the original book the riddles appear in English only. This appears also to have been issued in Roman type, but I have been unable to find a copy of it.

(2A) CONTES IRLANDAIS (1893).

CONTES/IRLANDAIS/EXTRAITS DU/" LEABHAR SGEULAIGHEACHTA " DE M. DOUGLAS HYDE/TRADUITS EN FRANCAIS/PAR/GEORGES DOTTIN/MAITRE DE CONFÉRENCES A LA FACULTÉ DES LETTRES DE RENNES/TYPOGRAPHIE OBERTHUR, Á RENNES/Small Rule/1893.

8vo: 9 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 6 $\frac{5}{8}$: pp. iv.+68: Comprising Half-title, with verso blank pp. [i-ii]: Title, with verso blank, pp. [iii-iv]: Avant-propos page [1]: Text pp. 2-67: Page [68] blank. Printer's imprint at bottom of page 67.

Issued in grey-green wrappers, printed in black on front. All edges untrimmed.

(3) *Abhráin Gráda Chúige Connacht*, 1893.

Abhráin Gráda Chúige Connacht/OR/LOVE SONGS OF CONNACHT/(BEING THE FOURTH CHAPTER OF THE " SONGS OF CONNACHT ") NOW/FOR THE FIRST TIME COLLECTED, EDITED, AND TRANSLATED/BY/DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., M.R.I.A./(*An Cíaoibín Doibinn*)/PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH NATIONAL LITERARY SOCIETY/MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE GAELIC UNION. AUTHOR OF " LEABHAR SGEULUIGHEACHTA," " BESIDE THE FIRE," ETC. *Baile-at-cluist/clóbusaite le Gill, Spáio uí Conaill*. LONDON: T. FISHER UNWIN. DUBLIN: GILL & SON./1893/Short Rule/HALF-A-CROWN, NETT.

8vo, but without signatures: 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5: pp. viii+160: Comprising Title with quotations from the Greek (2) and the Irish on verso, pp. [i-ii]: Fuagradh with advertisement of other books by author on verso, pp. [iii-iv]: Preface, pp. [v-vi]: Table of Contents, pp. [vii]-viii: Fly-title, page [1]: Text, pp. [2]-158: pp. [159, 160] blank. Page [3] is also unnumbered.

Issued in buff wrappers, printed in black on first cover. All edges untrimmed. White end papers. The text is in Irish, with English translation on opposite page.

Reprinted, 1904, by the Dun Emer Press, the English translations only, in an edition of 300 copies, which includes also literal prose translations of 25 out of the 43 songs in the book.

First printed in *The Nation* and *The Weekly Freeman*.

(3A) *ΔΩΡΑΔΗΝ ΞΕΡΑΘΑ ΕΪΣΕ ΚΟΝΝΑΧΤ*, 1931.

*ΔΩΡΑΔΗΝ ΞΕΡΑΘΑ ΕΪΣΕ/ΚΟΝΝΑΧΤ/*ΔΗ ΝΑ ΞΕΡΩΝΝΙΜΟΥΘΟ ΔΞΥΡ ΔΗ ΝΑ ΘΡΟΙΛ-
 ΜΟΥΘΟ/ΘΕ'Ν ΕΞΑΘ ΝΑΙΡ/ΙΕ/ΘΟΥΞΤΑΡ ΘΕ Ν-ΙΘΕ, L.L.D., D.L.M., M.R.I.A./(*ΔΗ*
ΧΡΑΟΙΒΗΝ ΑΟΙΒΗΝΝ)/ΔΗ ΝΑ ΞΕΥΡ ΑΜΑΘ ΑΝΟΙΡ ΑΪΙΡ ΔΞΥΡ ΤΩΙΛΕΑΘ/ΔΩΡΑΔΗ ΛΕΟ/ΙΕ
 ΕΞΑΝΝΑΘ ΕΡΕ ΔΟΝ ΘΙΟΛΤΟΙΡ ΙΕΑΘΑΡ ΝΘ ΘΙΡΕΑΘ Θ/ΟΙΡΙΞ ΘΙΟΛΤΑ ΦΟΙΛΛΕΑΔΑΙΝ
 ΡΙΑΤΑΙΡ/5, ΣΡΑΙΘ ΤΟΒΑΙΡ ΠΑΘΡΑΙΞ, ΘΑΙΤΕ ΔΤΑ ΚΗΑΤ, c.2/1931.

8vo: 7 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 4 $\frac{3}{4}$: pp. 128: Comprising Blank leaf, pp. [1, 2]: Title, with quotations from the Greek (2) and the Irish on verso, pp. [3, 4]: *Ροιμήραο*, 1930, pp. [5] 6: *Fuagradh*, with verso blank. pp. [7, 8]: *clar*, pp. [9] 10: Text, pp. [11]-128: Printer's imprint at foot of page, 128.

Issued in blue-green cloth boards, blocked in orange on spine and front cover. All edges trimmed. Cream end papers.

A Reprint of No. 3, but with 19 poems added to the original 45. Irish text only.

(4) THE LAST THREE CENTURIES OF GAELIC LITERATURE (1894).

THE LAST THREE CENTURIES OF GAELIC LITERATURE/BY/DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D./
 (AN CHRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN)/BEING THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE
 THE IRISH LITERARY SOCIETY OF LONDON FOR THE SESSION 1894-95./THE LORD
 CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND/(LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN)/IN THE CHAIR/—/
 PUBLISHED BY THE IRISH LITERARY SOCIETY,/8 ADELPHI TERRACE
 STRAND, LONDON, W.C./Rule/(EARLY COPIES OF THIS PAMPHLET SHOULD BE
 SECURED, AS ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF/COPIES WILL BE ISSUED.).

8vo: 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 3 $\frac{3}{8}$: pp. 46: Comprising Text, with Short title at top of page [1], pp. [1]-39: page [40] blank: Printer's imprint at bottom of page 39: Title on front cover.

Issued in greyish blue wrapper, printed in black on front. Verso of front wrapper has notice of Irish Literary Society, back wrapper blank, edges trimmed.

(5) THE STORY OF EARLY GAELIC LITERATURE (1895).

THE STORY OF EARLY/GAELIC LITERATURE/BY/DOUGLAS HYDE, L.L.D., M.R.I.A./
 (AN CHRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN)/PRESIDENT OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE. AUTHOR OF
 "ΙΕΑΘΑΡ ΞΞΕΥΛΙΡ-/ΞΕΑΧΤΑ," "BESIDE THE FIRE," "LOVE SONGS OF CONNACHT,"
 &c./Small Rule/Six line quotation from Keating/Small Rule/LONDON/F. FISHER
 UNWIN/PATERNOSTER SQUARE/

DUBLIN
 SEALY, BRYERS, & WALKER
 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET

NEW YORK
 P. J. KENNEDY
 BARCLAY STREET

MDCCXCV.

8vo: 6 x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$: pp. xxviii+176: Comprising Half title, with Editors of the New Irish Library on verso, pp. [i-ii]: Title, with publisher's monogram

on verso, pp. [iii-iv]: Dedication, with Irish archaeological reproduction in verso, pp. [v-vi]: Preface, pp. [vii]-xxv: Page [xxvi] blank except interlaced Irish ornament in centre: Contents page [xxvii]: Page [xxviii] blank save for interlaced Irish ornament in centre: Text, pp. [i]-174: Publisher's advertisement on page [175]: Printer's imprint on page [176].

Issued in chocolate coloured cloth boards with blue spine, blocked in gilt on spine. Top edges gilt, others trimmed. White end papers.

(6) THE THREE SORROWS OF STORY-TELLING (1895).

THE THREE/SORROWS OF STORY-TELLING/AND/BALLADS OF ST. COLUMKILLE/BY/DOUGLAS HYDE, L.L.D., M.R.I.A./(*An Chraoibhin Aoibhinn*)/AUTHOR OF "*Leabhar Sgeuluisgeacra*" "*BESIDE THE FIRE*,"/"*LOVE SONGS OF CONNACHT*," "*STORY OF EARLY GAELIC/LITERATURE*," &c./Small Rule/Four line quotation from the Irish with two-line translation/Small Rule/LONDON/T. FISHER UNWIN/Paternoster Square/MDCCCXCV.

8vo: $5\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. viii+168: Comprising Half title, with advertisement of *Early Gaelic Literature* on verso, pp. [i-ii]: Title, with publisher's monogram and printer's imprint on verso, pp. [iii-iv]: Preface, pp. [v]-vi: Contents, pp. [vii]-viii: Text, pp. [1]-166: Advertisement of other books by same author on pp. [167-168].

Issued in light green stiff cardboard covers, short title printed in black on front cover, all edges trimmed. White end papers.

(7) AN SGEULUIDHE GAODHALACH (1895-1901).

AN SGEULUIDHE/GAODHALACH/CUID I/LE/DUBHGLAS DE H-ÍDE, LL.D./(*An Chraoibhin Aoibhinn*)/Printer's Ornament/Clóbhualte le Oberthúr/RENNES ANN SAN BHFRAINIC/Short Rule/1895.

8vo: $9\frac{3}{8} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 72: Comprising Text, pp. [1]-70: pp. [71, 72] blank. Title on front cover. Short title at top of page [1].

Issued in grey wrappers, printed in black on front cover. All edges untrimmed.

Cuid II is similar in general description and title, save for *Cuid II* instead of *Cuid I*. The date is 1897, and the pagination follows on the last page of the text of *Cuid I*, viz. [71]-152. The last two pages of the sheet [153, 154] are blank.

Cuid III is similar, with the substitution of *Cuid III* for *Cuid I*. The date is 1901, and the pagination follows the last page of the text of *Cuid II* viz. [153]-264.

New Edition, 1933, with ten pp. *Réam-focaíl* and 4 pp. *Notáil*.

School editions of portions of the Irish text, with notes, etc, were published as follows:—

Ceirte Sgeolta.

Tales II, IV, V, VI. 1898.

Ceirte Sgeolta Eile.

Tales XI, XII, XIV, XIX. 1902.

An Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalac.

Tales XI, XII, XIV. 1902. (by the Christian Brothers).

Some of the tales are translated into German in a collection of Irish folk tales published by Eugene Diederichs in Jena, in 1923.

(8) AN SGEULUIDHE GAEDHEALACH (1901).

AN/SGÉALUIDHE/GAEDHEALACH/LE/DÚBHGLAS DE H-ÍDE/(AN CRAOBHIN AOIBHINN)
Printer's Ornament/LUNDÚN : DAIBHI NUTT./BAIL-ATH-CLIATH : GILL AGUS A
MHAC.

8vo : $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ (trimmed copy) : pp. vi+558 : Comprising Half title, with verso blank, pp. [i, ii] : Title, with verso blank, pp. [iii, iv] : Roimhrádh, with verso blank, pp. [v, vi] : Fly title, page [1] : Text, pp. [2, 3]-531 : Page [532] blank : Index Alphabetique, pp. [533]-551 : Additions et Corrections, pp. [552]-554 : Clar-innse, pp. [555], 556, [557], 558. Printer's imprint at foot of page 558. Pages 556 and 558 mis-numbered 256 and 258.

Irish text, with French translation by Georges Dottin.

Issued in light blue wrapper, printed in black on front cover. All edges untrimmed. I have only been able to examine rebound copies of this book, and the dimensions given above are the largest of these copies. But there can be little doubt that in its original state the dimensions were those of the part issue of the Irish text—*i.e.*, $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$. 100 copies only were printed.

(9) CONTES IRLANDAIS (1901).

CONTES/IRLANDAIS/TRADUITS DU GAELIQUE/PAR/GEORGES DOTTIN/PROFESSEUR
ADJOINT A L'UNIVERSITE DE RENNES/Printer's Ornament/

RENNES.
PLIHON & HERVÉ, ÉDITEURS,
5 RUE MOTTE-FABLET.

PARIS.
H. WELTER, ÉDITEUR,
4 RUE BERNARD-PALISSY

1901.

8vo : $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{8}$: pp. vi+276 : Comprising Half title, with verso blank, pp. [i, ii] : Title, with verso blank, pp. [iii, iv] : Avant-propos, pp. [v]-vi : Text, pp. [1]-276 : Printer's imprint at foot of page 276.

Issued in thick yellow wrappers, printed in black on front and back, all edges untrimmed.

This is a separate issue of the French text contained in No. 8.

(10) FIVE IRISH STORIES (1896).

FIVE/IRISH STORIES/TRANSLATED FROM THE IRISH/OF THE/" SGEULUIDH GAODH-
ALACH"/BY/DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D./(AN CHRAOBHIN AOIBHINN)/Rule/GILL AND
SON :/50 UPPER O'CONNELL STREET, DUBLIN.

$6\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$: pp. 56 : Comprising Title, with printer's imprint on verso, pp. [1, 2] : Preface, pp. [3, 4] : Table of Contents, with verso blank, pp. [5, 6] : Text, pp. [7]-55 : Page [56] blank.

The only signature is 2 at the bottom of page 22, but the book consists of 28 four-page sheets, pp. 1, 2, 55, and 56 forming the sheet, and so on.

Issued in bluish grey wrappers, printed in black on front cover, top edges untrimmed, others trimmed

THE DUBLIN MAGAZINE

(11) FOUR IRISH STORIES (1898).

FOUR IRISH/STORIES/Small Rule/Tales XI., XIII., XIV., XIX.,/TRANSLATED FROM PART II./OF/THE SGEULUIDHE GAODHALACH./Small Rule/—BY—/DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., (Δη Γραοιβίν Δοιβίνν.)

Sm. 8vo: 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 4: pp. 56: Comprising Title, with list of other books of author on verso, unnumbered: Preface, pp. [1, 2]: Text, pp. 3-53: page [54] blank.

Issued in pink thick covers, all edges trimmed. Title repeated on front cover in black, with "Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son" added at bottom, within a double rectangular border, and with "Gaelic League Publications," at the top, outside the border. Book advertisement on back cover.

(12) A LITERARY HISTORY OF IRELAND (1899).

A LITERARY HISTORY/OF IRELAND/FROM EARLIEST TIMES TO THE PRESENT DAY BY/DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., M.R.I.A./ (AN CRAOIBHÍN AOIBHINN)/LONDON/T. FISHER UNWIN/PATERNOSTER SQUARE/1899.

8vo: 8 $\frac{5}{8}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$: pp. xx+656: Comprising Blank page, with *The Library of Literary History* on verso, not included in pagination: Blank page, with advertisement of the series on verso, pp. [i, ii]: Half title, with publisher's ornamental monogram on verso, pp. [iii, iv]: Title, with *All Rights Reserved* on verso, pp. [v, vi]: Dedication, with dedicatory poem on verso, pp. [vii, viii]: Preface, pp. ix-xvi: Contents, pp. xvii, xviii: Text, pp. 1-654: Printer's imprint in centre of page [655]: page [656] blank. I have also seen a copy with the first leaf reversed, i.e., *Library of Literary History* on recto, and verso blank.

Frontispiece facing Title. Errata slip between pp. [viii] and ix. Preliminary pages up to and including Title, in red and black. Pages ix, xvii, and first page of each chapter and of the index numbered at bottom.

Issued in dark green cloth, blocked in gilt on spine. Top edges gilt, others untrimmed. White end papers.

(13) BANCANNA TÍRE (1899).

8vo: 8 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 5 $\frac{7}{8}$: pp. 8.

A Pamphlet, issued by the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, a translation of a pamphlet in English by A. E.

Heading on Page [1] *Óuitteósin 2a*—(Bancanna Tíre)./I.A.O.S. Leaflet No. 2a—(Rural Banks). Text pp. [1]-8. Lower part of page 8 contains an advertisement of the *Irish Homestead* and printer's imprint.

(14) SÍOLLA AN FÍUGA, (1899).

SÍOLLA AN FÍUGA/OR/THE LAD OF THE FERULE/ Small Rule/Εαάτρα/Cloinne Ríς na h-Ioruaíde/OR/ADVENTURES/OF THE/CHILDREN OF THE KING OF NORWAY./EDITED/WITH TRANSLATION, NOTES AND GLOSSARY/BY/DOUGLAS HYDE,

LL.D., M.R.I.A./(*Ἀν Γραδοῖν Δοιῖν*),/PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY ;/ PRESIDENT OF THE GAELIC LEAGUE, ETC., ETC./Wavy Rule/LONDON :/PUBLISHED FOR THE IRISH TEXTS SOCIETY,/BY DAVID NUTT, 270 & 271 STRAND./1899.

8vo : $8\frac{3}{4}$ x $5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. xxiv+208 : Comprising Half Title, with verso blank, pp. [i, ii] : Title, with printer's imprint on verso, pp. [iii, iv] : Preface, pp. [v]-vii, Page [viii] blank : Secondary title, with verso blank, pp. [ix, x] : Introduction, pp. [xi]-xxiv : (Pages xii-xxiv are misnumbered viii to xx) : Fly-title, Page [1] : Text pp. [2, 3]-208. Sixteen pages bound in at end, comprising fourteen pages of a notice about the Irish Texts Society and its publications, and two pages of similar publications by David Nutt.

Issued in green cloth, blocked in gilt on spine and front cover. Top and fore edges untrimmed, bottom edges rough-trimmed. White end papers.

(15) A UNIVERSITY SCANDAL (1899).

A/UNIVERSITY SCANDAL/BY/DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D./(*Ἀν Γραδοῖν Δοιῖν*)/Rule/REPRINTED FROM THE "NEW IRELAND REVIEW" FOR/DECEMBER, 1899/Rule/EBLANA PRESS/DUBLIN/FALLON & CO., LTD./Small Rule/1899.

8vo : $9\frac{1}{2}$ x $5\frac{7}{8}$: pp. 12 : Comprising Text, headed "A University Scandal./Reprinted from . . . etc., pp. (1)-12.

Issued in grey wrappers, all edges trimmed. Title in black on front wrappers, within a rectangular decorative border.

This was privately circulated. It was reprinted later, in 1901, "with some additions and omissions," as No. 7 of Gaelic League Pamphlets. In this form it has 8 pages, with Title-heading at top of page [1].

(16) ὕβηλα τοῦν ἑραδοῖν, 1900.

ὕβηλα τοῦν ἑραδοῖν./Rule/Ὅαντα ἀγυρ ἀβράν, τεῖρ ἀν/ἑραδοῖν Δοιῖν./Rule/Ὀατε-ατ/αῖατ./ῥοιλλῖστε τε ἑλλ ἀγυρ ᾧ ἡαε,/50 ἑράοι υἱ ἑοαῖι, υἱατᾶρ./.

8vo : $6\frac{3}{4}$ x $4\frac{1}{8}$: pp. vi+56 : Comprising Title, with quotation from Alfieri on verso, pp. [i, ii] : ῥοιῖν-ῥαῖ, pp. [iii]-v : Page [vi] blank : αῖατ, with verso blank, pp. [1, 2] : Text, pp. 3-54 : Errata, page [55] : Page [56] blank.

Issued in dark grey wrappers, printed in red on front cover, with ornamental gilt flower design also. All edges untrimmed.

(17) THE IRISH LANGUAGE AND IRISH INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION. DR. HYDE'S EVIDENCE, 1901.

8vo : $8\frac{1}{4}$ x $5\frac{3}{8}$: pp. 32 : Comprising Text pp. [1]-31 : page [32] blank. All edges trimmed. Issued without wrappers. Publisher's and printer's imprints at bottom of page [31].

Heading-title at top of page [1]-*Gaelic League Pamphlets—No. 13. Price One Penny.*/Gaelic League Ornamental Monogram/The Irish Language and Irish/Intermediate Education/Small Rule/III./Dr. Hyde's Evidence.

∴ Evidence given before the Viceregal Commission of Enquiry into Intermediate Education.

(18) THE IRISH LANGUAGE AND IRISH INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION.
DR. HYDE'S REPLY TO DR. ATKINSON, 1901.

8vo : $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$: pp. 36 : Comprising Text, pp. [1]-33 : pp. [34, 35] blank : Publisher's imprint in centre of page [36]. Printer's imprint at bottom of page 33.

Heading-title at top of page [1]—*Gaelic League Pamphlets—No. 16. One Penny/Gaelic League Ornamental Monogram/The Irish Language and Irish/Intermediate Education./Small Rule/VI./Dr. Hyde's Reply to Dr. Atkinson.*
∴ A memorandum forwarded to the Viceregal Commission of Enquiry.

(19) *ṛaít-sḡéal*, 1901.

Two line Irish verse quotation/Rule/The *léigean éirean* Series./Edited by Norma Borthwick./Ornamental Rule/No. 5/*ṛaít-sḡéal/ḡsur/óio do'n Oireachtar*, 1901./*Ó láimh/an Cṛaoibín doibinn/ḡsur/malluḡad an bḡeir ar Ṣacṛanaib/do rinne/an ḡéḡḡán Ṣlar*./Rule composed of six stars/An Allegory/BY/DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D., ETC./Rule/DUBLIN : THE IRISH BOOK COMPANY, 35 UPPER O'CONNELL STREET./1901./Small Rule/ALL RIGHTS RESERVED/ Small Rule/[IRISH MADE PAPER].

8vo : $8\frac{3}{8} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$: pp. 16 : Comprising Title, page [1] : Text pp. [2]-16 : Printer's imprint at foot of page 16. Page [3] unnumbered.

Issued in yellow wrappers, printed in black, Title repeated on front cases, and advertisements on others. All edges trimmed. Irish text, with English translation on opposite pages.

The whole of this book was written by Dr. Hyde.

(20) *ṛrí sḡéalta*, 1902.

Imteacta an Oireachtair, 1900/Double ornamental rule/*ṛrí sḡéalta*/(*do fuaire an céad buair/Concubair Ó Deaṛúmhna*,/do cuir *ṛíor/an Cṛaoibinn doibinn*,/do cuir i n-*eaḡar*,/Double Rule/Sealy, Bryers, & Walker, 1 mḡaite *ḡta Cliaṡ*,/do cuir i *Ṣclóó*/Rule/*ḡ luac*, naoi bṛiḡinne :/*ḡon-ṛiḡinnḡeas* *ṛaor ṛríó an bṛoṛta*).

8vo : $8\frac{3}{8} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$: pp. vi+70 : Comprising Title, with list of Oireachtas Folklore Prose prize-winners on verso, pp. [i, ii] : Preface, pp. [iii]-v : Page [vi] blank : Text, pp. [1]-68 : Printer's imprint in centre of page [69] : Page [70] blank.

Issued in bright yellow wrappers, printed in black (with repetition of title on front and Gaelic League Advertisements on the other three pages). All edges trimmed. Published by Connḡar na ḡaeṛṛḡe, and so indicated on front cover.

(21) THE TINKER AND THE FAIRY (1902).

THE TINKER/AND THE FAIRY./*leir an ṢCṛaoibín doibinn*./TRANSLATED BY/MISS BUTLER.

8vo : $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$: pp. 34 : Comprising Title, page [1] : Text [2, 3]-34.

Issued in dark green thick wrappers, printed in blue on front cover (Title in Irish and author's name in English, reversing the set out in the title itself. All edges trimmed. Printer's imprint at foot of front cover.

In 1910 a quarto edition of this was published, with music by M. Esposito, by Breitkopf and Hartel, London, W.

(22) řilřeacť řaeřealacť, 1902.

Τράκτανα/αρ pon Duaire mhc Tigearnán—II/ritheact Gaedelaic./
 τράκτ ι nGaedilz, le-n-a airtrugao i mbéarla, agur foctóir./le/Dúibglar
 De hÍve/(An Craoibín doibinn)/Rule/ár na cur amac/so/ Cumann buan-
 Coiméadta na Gaedilze/i mBaile-Áta-Cliaé :/le/m. h. Siu γ a mhc, i Spáio
 Uí Conaill/1902.

8vo, but no signatures : 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 4 $\frac{5}{8}$: pp. 152 : Comprising Half title, with title on verso, pp. [1, 2] : Title in English, with σο'η λειγτεορη on verso, pp. [3, 4] : Translation of ποιν-παθ , with ποινπαθ ειτε on the verso, pp. [5, 6] : Translation of this preface, page [7] : Text, pp. [8]–152. Text in Irish with English translation on opposite pages.

Issued in yellow wrappers, printed in blue on front cover, and on back cover with advertisement of books. All edges trimmed. No end papers.

(23) DRÁMA breite črístá, 1903.

Θράμα ὕπνιε ἐρίορα: / Ἀν Γραδοῖν Δοῖοιιν το/ ῥῥίοϋ/ Translated by/
 LADY GREGORY/ GILL & SON, DUBLIN/ Wavy Rule/ ὁ πλάταις ἀν "freeman."

8vo: 6 $\frac{7}{8}$ x 4 $\frac{5}{8}$: pp. ii+26: Comprising Title, with verso blank, pp. [i, ii]: Printer's imprint, page [1]: Text, pp. 2-23: Page [24] blank: Other works by author on page [25]: Page [26] blank.

Issued in light blue wrappers, printed in black on front. All edges trimmed.

(24) pleusgao na bulgore, 1903.

Pleurgas an Buthóire ; /OR THE BURSTING OF THE BUBBLE,/BY/An Craoibín
Doibinn,/WITH TRANSLATION AND/ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES/By S.S./Daire-áta-cliaí/
Síl 7 a Mac/Spáirí Uí Conaill, Uachtar.

8vo : 7½ x 4⅞ : pp. 40 : Comprising, Title, with verso blank, unnumbered : Blank leaf, unnumbered : Text, pp. [1]-32 : followed by three pages of notes and a blank page, unnumbered. The last four pages, and the first four, belong to the same sheet. Printer's imprint at foot of page 32. S. S. is also Dr. Hyde.

Issued in light blue wrappers, printed in dark blue on front cover. All edges trimmed. Reprinted from the *New Ireland Review*, May, 1903.

New Edition, 1934, has a three-page Reum-focal.

(25) *ABRÁIN ATÁ LEAGTA AR AN REACTÚIRE*, 1903.

Abraín atá leagta ar/an Reactúire/OR/SONGS ASCRIBED TO RAFTERY./
BEING THE/FIFTH CHAPTER OF THE SONGS OF CONNACHT/NOW FOR THE FIRST
*TIME COLLECTED EDITED AND/TRANSLATED/BY/DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D./**(An*
Craoibín Doibinn)/Double Rule/Vaite atá clat:/cupta amac le Gill agus a
mac./Small Rule/ 1903.

8vo, but no signatures: $7\frac{5}{8} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$: pp. iv+372+xvi: Comprising Title, with quotation from the Odyssey on verso, pp. [i, ii]: Dedication (to Lady Gregory), with verso blank, [pp. iii, iv]: Fly-title, page [I]: Text, pp. 2-371: *Clár na n-abran*, page [372]: Notes, pp. [i]-xvi.

Issued in glazed-white boards, with red cloth back, blocked in gilt on spine. All edges untrimmed. Cream end papers.

Text in Irish, with English translation on opposite pages.

Sketch of Raftery facing title.

First printed in *The Weekly Freeman*.

Nine of the poems were reprinted in *Naoi n'Óanta leir an Reactabrac* (Gill, 1907). The Irish text only, with 4 pp. vocabulary, for school purposes.

(25A) *ABRÁIN AGUS ÓANTA AN REACTABRAIS*, 1933.

Abraín agus Óanta an Reactabrais/ar na hEirinn/agus ar na
hEirinn/ven céad uair/le/Dubglas De n-Íve, LL.D., D.Litt., M.R.I.A./
(An Craoibín Doibinn)/ar na hEirinn amac anoir arís agus/tuilleadh abraín leó/
le ceannad oiread ó/Oirís Óiolta Foillreacáin Rialtais/5 Spáir Tobair
phárait, Vaite atá clat, c.2/nó tré don oileáir leabhar/1933.

8vo: $7\frac{1}{8} \times 4\frac{1}{8}$ pp. 284: Comprising Half title, with printer's imprint on verso, pp. [1, 2]: Title, with verso blank, pp. [3, 4]: *clár*, pp. [5, 6]: *Réam-focal* with verso blank, pp. [7, 8]: Text, pp. [9-283]: Page [284] blank.

Issued in brown cloth boards, blocked in black on spine and front cover. All edges trimmed. Cream end papers. Portrait of Raftery facing title.

This is a reprint of No. 25, with 20 poems added to the original 33. Irish text only.

(A tuilleadh le teac).

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

SOME BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON DUBLIN EDITIONS OF SWIFT.

FAULKNER'S 1735-8 EDITION.

I have a set of this edition, Vols. I-IV, 1735 (Teerink, No. 41), and Vols. V and VI, 1738 (Teerink, No. 42). It is on large and thick paper, measuring $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{8}$, and has already been cut down in binding. Vols. I and II agree with Teerink's description, but it might be noted that the cancelled leaves T 5-8 are also indicated by the fact that the catchword at the bottom of T4 is *To*, which does not agree with the first word at top of T5.

Teerink records no reprint of these vols. between 1735 and 1738, but Vol. II at least was reissued and reset in 1737. I have an incomplete set of the 8vo edition of 1763, in which the other volumes are of various years. Vol. II of this set has no general title, the actual title being *Poems/on/SeveralOccasions./By J. S., D.D., D.S.P.D./Publisher's monogram/Dublin :/Printed by and for George Faulkner . . ./1737*. The particulars of this volume, pp. viii+392, agree with those given by Teerink for Vol. II of the 1738 edition, and it would seem likely that the 1738 Vol. is the 1737 one with a general title. It is not, however, a reprint of the 1735 Vol. The contents are different, and their order of printing is different, and the preface has "Dublin 1734" added at end.

Vol. III agrees with Teerink's particulars, and so does Vol. IV. With regard to Vol. IV, the *Times* reviewer mentioned a cancel at page 173 of this volume, which does not agree with this set. The leaf referred to, M7, does not appear to be a cancel. On the other hand there appears to be a cancel at pp. 127/8, the signature of this leaf being *1.

Of Vol. V, Teerink mentions two issues, one, which he regards as the earlier, with *Conduct* in title page in ordinary letters, publisher's monogram thin, and catchword *subscriber's* (which is incorrect) on verso of A2; the other with *Conduct* in capitals, monogram thick, and catchword *The* (which is correct); the differences arising from the fact that some copies have a 16 pp. list of subscribers following A2 and others have not. Now my copy is a mixture of both these: it belongs to the second of Teerink's issues, but the catchword *The* is not correct, as it is followed by the 16 pp. list of subscribers, and the correct catchword is *Subscribers*. Teerink surmises that the list of Subscribers was originally meant for Vol. V and subsequently transferred to Vol. I.

Now I suggest that there were two issues of Vol. V, probably simultaneous. Vol. I, 1735, contains a fourteen page list of subscribers to the four volumes then announced. It is included, without being specified, in Teerink's 24 preliminary pages, and in my copy the list is marked *Vol. I* in the lower lefthand corner of the last page of the list, page 13. (Page 14 is blank). The sixteen page list is a different list, it represents, I suggest tentatively, the subscribers to the two new volumes, V and VI, and possibly also the new subscribers to the complete 1738 set, and it would appear in Vol. I or Vol. V according as Vol. V and VI were going to an old subscriber or the whole set were going to a new subscriber.

In this set of mine, also, the first page of the 16 page list of Subscribers has, in the lefthand corner, *Vol. V*, so it was definitely intended for this Volume.

Vol. VI agrees with Teerink.

This set was a Trinity College prize, given to Michael Sandys in his second year, at Michaelmas, 1766. According to Burtchaell and Sadleir, Michael Sandys entered Trinity in 1765, became a Scholar in 1767, B.A. 1769, and M.A. 1772, and nothing else is known about him. Two of these volumes have contemporary marginal notes which I propose to transcribe :—

Vol. II. Page 178. (Williams, page 281). The text is :—

Or how the *Dean* delights to vex
The Ladies, and lampoon the Sex,
Or how our Neighbour lifts his Nose,
To tell what every Schoolboy knows.

And our scribe reads it—

. and lampoon the Sex.
I might have told how oft Dean Percival
Displays his Pedantry unmerciful
How haughtily he lifts, etc.

and this agrees with the later readings of the poem, as printed by Mr. Williams (the 1737 reading is the same as 1735).

Page 179. (Williams, page 282). The text is—

And since he owns the King of *Sweden*
Is dead at last without evading ;
Now all his hopes are in the Czar.

Our scribe alters *evading* to *invading*, which makes better sense, even though the accepted text to-day is still *evading*.

Page 286. The text is—

Poor I, a Savage bred and born,

and our scribe annotates this “ Lady Atcheson is daughter and heiress of Mr. Savage, who was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Ireland.” Mr. Williams also notes to the same effect (page 891).

Page 343. (Williams, 193). The Author upon Himself.

The first line of this poem, as printed, is—

By an ——— pursu’d

and Williams so prints, with notes on the conjectural reading of the line, which is presumed to be, on Orrery’s authority—

By an old red-hair’d, murd’ring Hag pursued.

Our scribe fills the line in thus :—

By an old red pate murd’ring Hag pursu’d,

and he notes that the reference is to "the late Duchess of Somerset, formerly wife of Mr. Thomas Thynne, who was killed by Count Coningsmark"; and on page 346 (Williams 195) the blanks are filled in:—

Now Madam Coningsmark her Vengeance vows
On S——'s Reproaches for her murder'd spouse,

which agrees with Orrery, as noted by Williams, so that S——'s is still conjectural. Presumably the scribe didn't think it necessary to fill in *Swift's*.

Page 428 (Williams 804). The text is:—

Lord B——'s good grace, Lord C——, and Lord H——.

The blanks are filled in Bolton, Carr, and Howard, as in Mr. Williams' note.

Page 443. (Williams 647). The text is:—

Project and

and our scribe fills in thus:—

Project Excise and South Sea Schemes,

agreeing with Mr. William's note.

Page 472 (Williams 1812). The text is:—

Thus at the Bar that

filled in as "Booby Bettsworth," agreeing with Mr. Williams' note.

Vol. IV. Page 247. The text is:—

Then followed two Persons Hand in Hand; the one representing
William Wood's Brother-in-law; the other a certain Sadler, his intimate
friend

The name of the Sadler is noted in the margin as Forlick.

Page 289. The text is:—

. . . One or two principal Patriots (at the Head of whom I name
with Honour *Pistorides*),

and our scribe's note is "Mr. Richard Tighe, whose grandfather, who made the family estate, was a baker."

Page 292. The text refers to:—

. . . that other miserable creature *Traulius*,

and the marginal note is "Lord Allen."

There is nothing to show who wrote these notes, but I think it could not have been Sandys. One of the notes has the first letter at the margin cut away to the extent of about one quarter by the binder, so that it would appear that the notes were made before the set was bound up in the Trinity prize binding, *i.e.*, before 1766. The prize label inside Vol. I is signed by Richard Murray, who was then Professor of Mathematics—Sch. 1745, B.A. 1747, Fellow 1750, M.A. 1750, B.D. 1759, D.D. 1762, Vice Provost 1782, Provost 1795. I do not know

whether he might have presented the set—if the book was purchased new at the time, the current edition was the 1763-edition in 12 volumes.

There is an Edwin Sandys in the list of Subscribers in Vol. I, and no Richard Murray.

P. S. O'H.

SHAKESPEARE, 1632.

It seems desirable to record particulars of a Second Folio Shakespeare which has turned up in Dublin, and which I have been fortunate enough to acquire.

The leaves measure $8\frac{3}{4} \times 12$: it lacks the title, and leaf A5 is in manuscript ; five preliminary leaves, containing the verses, and the last leaf, are mounted ; and the capitals of the headlines of tt4 and 5 are very slightly shaved. Otherwise it is a clean and good copy.

It belonged to the Handcock family of Tallaght. One of the preliminary leaves bears the early eighteenth century signature *Edw. Sampson*, and it has the Handcock bookplate, with 1789 added in ms. It has also the following inscription on the end paper : " This valuable edition of the works of that matchless Poet Wm. Shakespeare, was given to Matthew Handcock in the year 1790, by his excellent Brother-in-law the Revd. Thomas Butler (as a highly-prized Keepsake) (Rector of Clongill, Curate of Ardraccan, in the Diocese of Meath, and a most respected Magistrate of that County ; he fell a regretted Victim to the sanguinary machinations of a cruel conspiracy of Rebels, on 24th October, 1793, in the 28th year of his Age)." This is followed by a quantity of quotations, from Shakespeare mainly.

Mr. Butler appears to have been more of a Magistrate than a clergyman. He was very active in hounding down the Defenders of his area, and was killed on the date given near Ardraccan.

The binding is in full calf, and I judge it to be late eighteenth century.

P. S. O'H.

CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS—DUBLIN EDITION.

This book, the bibliographical oddity of which will appear, is known to me in two issues.

(a) Large octavo, gathered in eights, in two volumes. Printed for E Lynch ; W. Whitestone ; J. Williams ; W. Colles ; W. Wilson ; J. Vallance ; L. Flynn ; J. A. Husband ; T. Walker ; J. Porter ; C. Jenkin ; and W. Spotswood.

Vol. I is dated MDCCLXXV and Vol. II MDCCLXXIV.

(b) Small octavo, gathered in twelves, in four volumes. Same imprint. Vols. III and IV have L. Flin instead of L. Flynn, followed by a comma instead of a semicolon. Vols. I and II dated MDCCLXXV and Vols. III and IV dated MDCCLXXIV.

Of these, (b) appears to be the later. It has, inserted between the *Advertisement* and the text, four pages, three of which contain " A reflection or two " by the Editor " in answer to certain objections that have . . . been urged against it," the fourth being blank. The catchword on the last page of the *Advertisement* is the first word of the first page of the text, so the book must have been in type before the *Reflections* became available.

P. S. O'H.

BOOK REVIEWS

A HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL IRELAND, FROM 1086 TO 1513. By Edmund Curtis. Methuen, 15s.

The story of the English Invasion and Conquest of Ireland is, in its broad outline, generally, but very vaguely, known. Everybody knows that Strongbow, FitzStephen, Le Gros, and others, Welshmen mostly, came over as allies of Dermot MacMurrough, made good their footing, and were followed by Henry II, with a large army, to whom they submitted, to whom some of the Irish Chiefs submitted, and who made a treaty with Roderick O'Connor which the signatories interpreted differently: that in the centuries which followed Irish Chiefs and Anglo-Norman Barons fought and foregathered by turns, until they were all intermixed all over Ireland and until the said Barons became *Hiberucis ipsis Hiberniores*: and that then there was a second Conquest of Ireland by the Tudors. But the actual process of all this has remained obscure until comparatively recently Mrs. Green's *The Making of Ireland and Its Undoing* (1908) was the first light thrown upon it, but it deals with the period 1200-1600 from the trading, educational, and cultural angles. The present book, an enlargement and a rewriting of a book of the same title published by Professor Curtis in 1923, represents the author's mature judgment on the political and cultural evolution of the Irish and Anglo-Normans in the period covered, and embodies the new evidence which has come to light since 1923. It is, as it was in 1923, largely pioneer work. The actual course of the invasion, the reactions of the Irish Chiefs to it, and the process of struggle, manoeuvre, and balance, are traced in detail over the whole of Ireland, and for the first time it is possible to see in detail the actual political development in the period—both on the Irish side and on the Anglo-Norman side.

Here is Ireland as Professor Curtis sees it at the beginning of the invasion:—

Extant memorials and contemporary evidence show that Ireland had at this time a culture, arts, and institutions of a highly organized nature, which were native and distinctive in type, and were at once developing from within and being influenced by contemporary Europe. The twelfth century Renaissance was affecting Ireland, isolated though she was, and it was inevitable that in some way she should be brought into the circle of Continental politics and civilization.

These now existed and were developing a native form of romanesque architecture, a distinctive form of Christianity, a whole body of native law, which had been, or was being, written down in great books, a common language, and a corpus of literature in the Gaelic idiom which orally went back to the pagan, and in its written form to the earliest Christian age.

What specially distinguished the Irish among all medieval races was an enthusiasm for the native language and native culture. Ireland had for centuries possessed a professional learned lay class, numerous and well endowed, whose generic name was the "Fili." . . . No country in Europe of that time maintained so large a class of *literati*, or one so influential. . . .

The poets and *literati* wrote only one standard language for all Ireland. If this diminished the richness and freshness of their output, still it meant that our island in spite of its local divisions had one literary medium, and the "man of learning" could go everywhere, be understood everywhere, and was welcome everywhere. . . .

And, on the strictly historico-political side, that of state structure and organisation, he finds this:—

The monarchy or High Kingship of Erin was founded about the year A.D. 390 by Niall of the Nine Hostages. From him descended a royal line called the Ui Néill (descendants of Niall) who preserved till A.D. 1000 a practically unbroken succession. This was then broken by Brian Boru, King of Cashel, but even after him the name, fact, and authority of the kingdom of Ireland persisted, and a High King, no matter what province he came from, continued to represent the national unity.

This unity under native Gaelic kings was shattered forever by the Norman invasion.

The resulting conflict Professor Curtis sees as a clash between a Feudal civilisation and a Patriarchal one, and his book is the detailed, painstaking, and very competent account of that clash, and of the evolution of the "Blended Race" which, at the close of his period, he sees emerging, and which, later, was shattered anew by the Tudors. He gives the process of conquest in detail, the branching out of the invaders, their battles and marches and alliances, their failure to conquer Ireland in any effective final military sense, their formation and establishment of "Lordships" side by side, in some cases covering the same territory, with the Irish Kingdoms, the development of the great Hiberno-Norman families—the Fitzgeralds, Butlers, Burkes—the successive forfeitures and regrants by successive English Kings without actual power, but claiming to act by virtue of the "submissions" to Henry II, John, and Richard II, and the Irish renaissance, the narrowing of the Pale, and its all but smothering, the assimilation of the Burkes and Geraldines and the All-But-Kingship of the Great Earl of Kildare. It is, as our author portrays it, a fascinating story, the vigorous Gaelic civilisation, at first with the alien lumps scattered through it, then gradually digesting them, only to have fresh lumps thrown over at it, and digesting them also, presenting the Tudors with a country all to be conquered again.

Writing of 1500, Professor Curtis says:—

There seemed many reasons therefore why both the English and the Irish of Ireland should be honourably reconciled with one another under that hereditary Lord of Ireland, whose claim both had many a time admitted.

The reference is to the various "submissions," and it is of course possible that at this period, if Henry Tudor had accepted Ireland as he found it, had established and legalized the Lordships and the holdings as he found them, and had stopped, for good, the sending over of hungry English officials to carve out fortunes out of confiscations, that some stability might have been worked out. But the Irish were, and are, a people with tenacious memories, and no claim of any "Lord" of Ireland, which conflicted with the ancient rights of Ireland, had any chance of permanent acceptance by the Irish. The Great Earl of Kildare could have made, and kept, Ireland, as a separate kingdom, but no permanent arrangement was possible with a foreign "Lord." And the Hiberno-Normans did not realise, until too late, that the Kings of England had as their first concern their English subjects. The first statesmanlike appreciation of the situation was that of Shane O'Neill, when he wrote to John of Desmond on the

9th September, 1566, that "the English have no other view but to subdue both the English and Irish Pale. Now is the time, or never, for them both to set against the English."

As for the "submissions," they meant no more to the Irish than the giving of hostages—though it is true that they gave Henry II, and John, and Richard II, claims to Lordship *under feudal law*, but not under Irish law. Professor Curtis in this connexion aptly quotes the Four Masters, who wrote in 1616 "the laws of Cormac Mac Art have bound the Irish to this day," and it is undoubted that no Irish Chief that ever made any of these submissions ever regarded himself as having subscribed to any of the feudal obligations which they involved in feudal law. Shane O'Neill, the first Irish realist, was reproached for not keeping the Treaty he made with Elizabeth in London. He replied "When I was with the Queen, she said to me herself that I had, it was true, safe conduct to come and go; but it was not said when I might go; and they kept me there until I had agreed to things so far against my honour and profit, that I would never perform them while I live. That made me make war; and if it were to do again I would do it. My ancestors were Kings of Ulster; and Ulster is mine, and shall be mine." And Connacht was O'Connor's, and Thomond was O'Brien's, and so on. Tenacious national memories will always outlast Empires, and we have one of the most tenacious known to history.

Those who regard the Irish language as a sort of inferior *patois* would profit by reading this book, and learning how it not alone held its own with Norman-French and English, but drove them out, so that the submissions in 1395, of Gael and Sean Ghall alike, were in Irish, interpreted at the time into English by such "Gaelic" interpreters as James Earl of Ormond, Thomas Talbot, Brother Edmund Vale, Walter Teling, Stephen Garnon, John Boscombe, Sir William Wellesley, and so on.

Professor Curtis is to be congratulated. All the *facts* of the period are here brilliantly set down and arranged. Amongst the appendices are most interesting pedigrees of the chief families, both of Irish Chiefs and Norman Lords.

P. S. O'HEGARTY.

PARNELL, JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN, AND MR. GARVIN. By Henry Harrison.
Browne & Nolan. 10s. 6d.

Mr. Harrison's book deals with certain statements made in regard to Parnell in Mr. J. L. Garvin's *Life of Chamberlain*, of which three volumes, carrying the record down to 1900, have appeared.

Mr. Harrison sets out to prove three things:—

- (1) That in the matters in which Captain O'Shea acted as intermediary between Parnell and Chamberlain, O'Shea was Chamberlain's man rather than Parnell's.
- (2) That Chamberlain was aware of the intrigue between Parnell and Mrs. O'Shea from May, 1882.
- (3) That Chamberlain was the person who was responsible for the divorce case, in an attempt to remove Parnell, and with him Home Rule.

Mr. Harrison proves beyond doubt his first point, Chamberlain's own letters fully supporting him—the reader being only left wondering why O'Shea was ever either trusted or used by anybody in serious business. The second point seems to me to be also proved. The entry quoted from Sir Charles Dilke's diary of Harcourt's disclosure of the intrigue at a Cabinet meeting on the 17th May, 1882, is conclusive. Apart from that, it appears to be well established now that the intrigue was well known in political circles from very soon after it had begun. Unless, therefore, Mr. Garvin can produce something not hitherto disclosed, the second point must go also to Mr. Harrison. On the third point, while it cannot be said that Mr. Harrison establishes it, he certainly establishes the probability that the spur which induced O'Shea to take the divorce after ten years' condonation was either Chamberlain or some other person or body with a political motive. Speaking in the House on July 31st, 1888, Parnell had said to Chamberlain, "It is not the first time that you have poisoned the bowl and used the dagger against your political opponents in that country, when you could not overcome them in fair fight . . ." And that was what happened to him. The dagger and the poisoned bowl.

The personality of Parnell will always remain a mystery. One of the greatest of Irishmen and one of the ablest of Irish National leaders, he was as helpless where Mrs. O'Shea was concerned as Sampson was with Delila. Mr. Harrison refers to this business as "a great love story." It seems to me to have been a most discreditable business, in condonation of which, even now, there is nothing whatever to be said. Nor is there any explanation of it. Mrs. O'Shea may have had some siren quality, but it is not apparent in her photographs—which give no ground for supposing that she was a heart-breaker—and it does not appear to have affected anyone but Parnell. Maybe he was one of those men who always fall violently in love with the nurse—she nursed him through an illness at an early stage of their acquaintance. At any rate it was a fatal business, and his incredible letters to her, printed in her book, are so maudlin and unreal that they give you nausea even yet.

P. S. O'H.

THE COMMUNIST INTERNATIONAL. By F. Borkenau. Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.

In his preface Dr. Borkenau says "Some believe that the Communist International will save the world; others, that it is the shape of the devil in our present time; some, and among them the author of this book, that it is neither the one nor the other, but simply a failure." Such a thesis is so completely opposed to the opinions of the vast majority of readers, either of this book or of this review, it is, in fact, in itself so revolutionary, that before it can be discussed we must attempt to summarize the argument on which it rests.

"As it stands, the present book is a history of the revolutionary movements of the post-war period, seen as a setting for Comintern history." In a number of introductory chapters Dr. Borkenau goes further back still and, rejecting not only Stalinism and Leninism, as historical approaches, but Marxism as well, he analyzes the origin of the early post-war revolutionary outlook, as follows. Nationalism, and the difference between east and west, is the key to much that appears inconsistent. In the Slav countries bordering Europe there existed in the nineteenth century an independent class—or rather a *déclassé* group—of what

we may call "professional revolutionaries," a type familiar to readers of the great Russian novelists. Individuals, that is, for whom revolution was an end, not a means. Coincident with this was arising a revolutionary labour movement, that is to say, a semi-organized body of people who realized that violent revolution was an essential means, in any autocratic state, to a better condition of being. Much that has happened since may be explained as resulting from the fortuitous union of these two tendencies. Marxism, basing itself principally on a study of French revolutionary history and of autocratic German rule, provided a common philosophy. The Russian revolution, precipitated by the suffering of the war, formed a turning point in this development; for the enormous prestige of a successful revolution over one-fifth of the world brought this inadequate *Weltanschauung* to bear on varying elements in the mass of working people in the west, and controlled these by means of a highly centralized bureaucracy. It is here that the failure lies, in Dr. Borkenau's eyes, and the history of the Comintern since the war is the history of frenzied attempts to stretch this primarily Russian outlook over the unwilling facts.

Coldly paradoxical as his conclusions may be—and a love of paradox is a feature of the writing as well as of the main thesis of this book—they explain a great deal that it is difficult to explain otherwise. It explains the extraordinary failure of the Chinese to make their own revolution in 1926 and the peculiar history of the Chinese communists, through incredible feats of heroism, to their position to-day, where they have abandoned all their old positions in favour of solidarity in a "national" war (*cf.* behaviour of German and French socialists in 1914)—which they do not even seem to have hopes of winning. It explains the otherwise irreconcilable difference between Dimitrov's bungling of the Bulgarian leadership in 1923 and his tremendous courage at the Reichstag trial in 1934. Unfortunately, experience of any would-be revolutionary movements will show that what is most frequently lacking in them is not courage, but common sense.

There is still another puzzling feature which Dr. Borkenau's view seems to me to explain, although he does not go into it here—that is the series of Moscow trials. To say that the whole procedure was false from start to finish, as Trotsky and some labour leaders have claimed, is clearly ridiculous, since not only is the internal evidence of the prisoners too consistent, but there is the independent testimony of a number of respected journalists and diplomats actually present at the first trial. The orthodox Communist explanation, following each separate trial, that these really were the last and that now (at last!) the country was rid of "Trotskyism," is almost equally untenable now, even if one felt inclined to accept it after the first, or even second, big trial. Dr. Borkenau's thesis of a "professional revolutionary class" who came to the top after 1917 provides a more probable solution than either of these: in this case, not only all those so far convicted were really guilty, but Stalin and many others are probably guilty as well. Only time will show this, and it is not too much to expect that when Stalin and the remaining "old guard" have died off or gone the way of Robespierre, Russia will be settling down and consolidating her advance from Tsarism (with inevitable backslidings) in the way that France did after the French revolution.

And what about other countries? Most important, what about France?

Dr. Borkenau shows the history of the Communist International as a series of swings from left to right and from right to left, each time becoming more extreme in extent. The most recent change over was that in 1934 when the initiative of the Front Populaire came from France, and for a while this policy seemed to achieve a measure of success. However, it has gradually become evident that not only has the Front Populaire government gone for good, but the whole unstable alliance has proved a failure; the decrees published yesterday by M. Daladier make it plain that no permanent advance has been gained at all, and France to-day is nearer to Fascism than at any time since 1934. Backdown all round. Czechoslovakia has been abandoned, and no support for the Spanish people has been, or is, forthcoming. The disbanding of the group behind the review, *Vendredi*, indicates that the intellectuals, who were among the first to support the new tactic have abandoned it for good also. What is likely to follow from the extreme left? Some big swing-over almost certainly. I myself think some revival of the old anarcho-syndicalist idea on a federal plan is likely. Such a policy is the only one which would find support in the event of a possible breakdown of Fascism in the countries where it has so far come to stay. This last seems to me only possible in the event of an unsuccessful war (by which I mean not necessarily a losing war, but even a victorious war where suffering everywhere might be so great that the game wasn't worth the candle). But since the next Communist policy will almost certainly have to face war—and a war now at long odds—they may be wise enough to frame one which would have possibilities of surviving it.

I do not know whether Dr. Borkenau would approve of these last remarks. He has little sympathy with prophecy in any case. The value of this book lies in its hard scrutiny of facts. The arguments are unemotional and scientific, like those of the author's compatriot Freud; they are untarnished by the paranoia which mars the far-reaching analysis of Souvarine, or the brilliant rhetoric of Trotsky. Whether one agrees with the conclusions and outlook of this book or not, it is impossible to ignore the facts put forward. GRATTAN FREYER.

16th November, 1938.

ANGLORE: THE SONG OF THE RHONE (LOU POUÉMO DÓU ROSE). Translation from the Modern Provençal, by Maro Beath Jones, Sòci dóu Felibrige. Sanders Studio Press, Claremont, California. 1937. Pp. xxiv+187. 3 dollars 75 cents.

As far as I know, this is the first translation into English of any of Mistral's epic poems except *Mirèio*. The rendering is, on the whole, satisfactory, and Professor Jones is to be congratulated. If I have to point out a few defects, it is not in any carping spirit, but with the hope that he will avoid them in his promised translation of *Mirèio*.

Professor Jones is too apt to insert "chevilles." In Canto IV, 42, *Placeto* is rendered "ivy-trellised squares," *silencious* "broad and tranquil." Holland acquires the unwanted epithet "dank." In X, 83, other instances are "(island of) Jar nègue," "and (simple) lovers from the (blue) Alpilles," "from the (vales) Vau-Nage, Gardonnenque (in Gard, near Nîmes)." In IV, 33, to *di basar dóu*

Levant the translator adds unnecessarily "famed." He glosses *Per lou Camin de la Reine Gileto* by the rendering—

"Along Hérault's Domitian way, the route
Of Queen Gillette . . ."

and adds to the line

"*Que dóu Camin Regourdan iè descendon*"

the words "from Nîmes to Georgovie."

In I, 2, *noste vent-terrau* is glossed by "chill mistral, South's mighty wind."

In X, 88, *enfermon* becomes "locked . . . in durance vile (!)," Aigues-Mortes acquires the idiotic epithet "dour."

These are a few examples only of a bad habit. The more literal a translation, the better it is (*ceteris paribus*).

But there are worse errors. In IV, 42—

"*E bourgo de tout caire
Pèr empli soun saquet,*"

becomes

"He fears that every catch
May chance to be his last."

In V, 49, *quièu-de-pèu* is rendered "greasy-muzzles" (!).

I do not think "singing saint" (VII, 55) an adequate translation of the expressive "*Santo que canto*."

In II, 24, a line is omitted!—

Que sus Rose a-de-reng an fan l'empèri.

The translator makes nonsense of the plurals by rendering two of them correctly, as singulars, but the third "*lis Annibau*" as "the Hannibals."

In IV, 33, he translates *censau* by "courtiers." It would seem that he is unaware that the French "courtiers" (in Mistral's French rendering) means "brokers."

In I, 2, fifteen lines are omitted (Prof. Jones admits this piece of characteristic American priggery!). I suppose expressions like "*quièu de pèu*" (culs de peau), and the line

Touti lis an fasien un chat superbe

were "unnecessarily frank!" (God help Prof. Jones!).

In X, 88, we have the words *se bagno i souvenenço* translated "just revels in the memories (!)."

There is no good authority (p. 158) for supposing that the Countess of Die was the wife of any William of Poitiers. Prof. Jones should also have made clear that in no case could this mythical husband of the greatest mediaeval Provençal poetess have been the great Duke of Aquitaine or any of his predecessors. He may have been Guillaume I (1176-1184) or his grandson Guillaume II, Counts of Valentinois and Diois. Their patronymic was probably Peytieux, not Poitiers. Guillaume I married Beatrice, sister of Guigues X, Dauphin of Viennois. I do not agree with Professor Geddes when he says (*Foreword*, p. xviii) that "the Provençal language . . . seems unadapted for prose or drama."—I could give a long list of excellent modern Provençal prose and dramatic

works (The error has been perpetuated from Downer's Frédéric Mistral (1901), p. 234.). The map on the fly leaves is good. But why adhere to the old spellings of Alais and Cette [now Alzs and Szte].

I shall look forward to Prof. Jones's translation of *Mirèio*, and I congratulate Mrs. Ruth T. Saunders on the very excellent production of this book, which is beautifully printed, and a pleasure to handle and read. The verse is, on the whole (despite my criticisms) far above the average of verse translations, and sometimes rises to real adequacy of poetic rendering.

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN,
Sòci dóu Felibrige.

HERBALS, THEIR ORIGIN AND EVOLUTION. By Agnes Arber. New Edition. Re-written and Enlarged. Cambridge University Press. 1938. pp. xxiv+326. 21s. net.

This book deals with the evolution of the printed herbal between 1470 and 1670, together with a sketch of the history of botany before the invention of printing. It is illustrated by 26 plates and 131 figures in the text. The chapter headings give some idea of the thoroughness of the treatment. Apart from the introductory chapter, there are chapters on the Fifteenth Century Herbals, including those printed in England, on the Herbals of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth centuries in all countries, on the Evolution of Plant Description, Classification and Illustration, and cognate matters, together with a full bibliography and a detailed index.

The study of botany owes an incalculable debt to medicine. The earliest herbalists were physicians. I have no space to follow Miss Arber through the whole history of the Herbal. A few references must suffice. She shows (p.127) that Spenser took his flower names in the *Shepheardes Calendar* (1579) from Lyte's *A Nieuwe Herball* (1578), itself a translation of the French version of Dodoens' *Cruijdeboeck* of 1554. She reproduces a page on which are illustrated Carnations, Gillofers and Soppes in wine, corresponding to Spenser's

" Gelliflowers ;
Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine. . . . "

The other flowers mentioned by Spenser all occur within a few pages of the *Herball*.

Lyte's *Herball* was the second of those printed in England. The first is that of Dr. William Turner, preceded by two minor works on botany by him. It appeared in 1551 (London), with two further parts in 1562 (Cologne), during his exile, and the whole in 1568 (Cologne). Turner denies the mandrake legend and is opposed to superstition in science. The most famous of English herbalists is not one of the most scientific. Gerard's list of plants cultivated by him in Holborn is the first complete catalogue of a single garden (1596), but his *Herball* (1597) is not worthy of a serious botanist. Gerard completed Dr. Priest's unfinished translation of Dodoens, altered the arrangement and published it as his own. He even lies in his preface, stating that Priest's translation had perished. Gerard gives a welcome to all kinds of ridiculous superstitions, such as that of the Barnacle tree, bearing geese as fruit, and even stated that he had seen the tree.

Johnson's revised edition of Gerard (1632) far surpasses the original, and his *Iter plantarum* (1629-1632) is the earliest attempt to record all the plants of

England and Wales, with their localities. He contemplated, with Goodyer, after whom is named *Goodyera repens*, the rare orchid of the dark pine woods of Scotland, a descriptive Flora, but died before he completed it. The Flora had to wait till the eighteenth century. The *Physicall Directory* of Nicholas Culpeper, an astrologer and physician—an unauthorised translation of the *Pharmacopoeia* of the College of Physicians, published in 1649, ran through many editions, and caused great indignation among the orthodox medical practitioners. Culpeper is no better than they were. His astrological herbalism is even more ridiculous than their charlatany. But he is amusing and I have derived pleasure from his descriptions of plants.

Culpeper has long been a favourite. He is a charlatan, but perhaps no more a charlatan than those physicians who condemn him, certainly no more than those he condemned in his own age. His astrology is absurd but descriptions of plants are excellent. In his work we learn, also, all about the virtues of Thymallows, Dog's Dung, the Hucklebone of a Hare, East and West Bezoar, Viper's Flesh, the Horn of a Unicorn, the Inner Skin of a Hen's Gizzard, Fasting Spittle, the Hoof of a Lion, the Urine of a Boar, Whoremans' Permacety, Prick-madam, Cullians, Kneeholm (Kneehulver, Pettigree), hot Arssmart or Culrage, etc. We learn, too, that "the brain of Sparrows, being eaten, provokes Lust exceedingly", that "crab-eyes break the stone, and open stoppings of the bowels, that "a flayed mouse dried and beaten into powder" has unexpected virtues—so have "Elk's claws" and "Gill-weep-by-ground." We learn that "Savine" is to be found in every garden, and that Costmary (or Alcost) is "so frequently known to be an inhabitant in almost every garden" (I wonder if anybody except myself has ever grown it in Ireland—I grew it at Malahide up to 1932) that description is unnecessary.

I have twice attempted to grow a garden of herbs, in Malahide (1929-32), and before that, at the back of beyond of Raheny (1915-1919). How many people know that true Tarragon produces no seeds, and that the seeds sold as those of Tarragon are not those of Tarragon but of a foul and noisome near relative? How many know that *Angelica archangelica* will not germinate unless sown immediately on ripening of the seeds? How many people in Ireland know that, in France, several dozen different salads are grown? How many add Chervil to their salad bowls? How many use Apple-mint and Lemon-mint and Citrus-mint? (The first alone is really suitable for mint-sauce!). How many grow Caraway Thyme (*Herba baroni*)?

T. B. RUDMOSE-BROWN.

POEMS. By Sheila Wingfield. The Cresset Press. 3s. 6d. net.

MIRAGE WATER. By Lord Dunsany. Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.

FLOWER PIECES: New Poems by Padraic Colum. Being Number Three of The Tower Press Booklets. Third Series. The Orwell Press. 2s. 6d. net.

Miss Sheila Wingfield's poems are accomplished and scholarly, and in a shouting age, their restrained and quiet tone is welcome and effective. She achieves a fine balance of intellect and feeling, without sacrificing one to the other, that is rare in women poets, and she has an unerring intuition for the distinguished and unusual word. Her metres are musical and varied, and in some of the poems there is that touch of magic which is the most shining attribute

of pure poetry, and which might be said to be the reviewer's rare reward. This passage for example :

"Leave her, to wild islands go
Or green-domed cities caped in snow,
To roughened lakes whose yellow froth
Is bitter as a god's wrath ;
Where nymphs, afraid that love would burn,
Did into ponds and rivers turn,
Or where through mountain gorges spurred
That prince behind a golden bird ;"

and this from the exciting and beautiful poem entitled "The Hours"

"Noon with his compass legs will walk
Across meridians of the sea,
And for a while watch with the hawk
A salty shrub in Tartary,"

A proud and vulnerable sensibility, reserves of imaginative power, and the true artist's energy in the achievement of a personally expressive technique, make this as good a first book of poems as I have encountered. Once again the Cresset Press deserve praise for irreproachable printing and binding at a moderate price.

Lord Dunsany possesses many natural gifts, and those familiar with his prose mythologies do not need to be told how fertile is his invention. In addition he has a naturally good ear for easy swinging metres, and great facility for turning his quick, responsive impressions into neat verses. I suppose these seventy-eight pages of poems to have been written over a period of years, as the later are so much better than the earlier. I prefer those with an ironic flavour such as "On the Safe Side", "To a Sister Poet" and "On a Tea-pot of Chien Lung" to the more sentimental and romantic verses, which too often show a curious indifference to distinction of language, and which in some cases seem indistinguishable from the verse of Rudyard Kipling, *i.e.* "The Last Wolf," or G. K. Chesterton, *i.e.* "The Banker and the Baker." It is interesting that two such different personalities as Kipling and A.E. receive his admiration and homage. The poem to the latter is one of the best in the book.

"A lovely radiance of a passing star
Upon a sudden journey through the gloaming,
Lighting low Irish hills, and then afar
To its own regions homing."

A simple yet imaginative acceptance of the beauty of the visible world has always been a characteristic of the poetry of Padraic Colum, and this being so, it is not surprising that the freshness and wonder in his vision, which has never deserted him through years of American journalism, should be particularly stimulated by the varied and individual qualities of flowers. Many have written poems to the rose, the violet, the daffodil, but how few to the nasturtium, the geranium, and the marigolds, beloved of city gardeners, whose struggle with vitiated atmosphere, poor soil and limited space makes them welcome these generous, common,

bright blossoms which need no special coddling, to embellish a drab brick wall with a velvet, brilliant-hued oriental curtain, of tawny-yellow, orange and terra-cotta, or to metamorphose a window-sill into a gay little paradise. The grander and more exotic hibiscus, oleander and lily jostle the simpler flowers within this poet's garden democracy,—none is preferred above another; each receives homage according to its peculiar and individual beauty. The veronica dear to Irish children who use its tight little shiny buds, purple pyramidal blossoms, and seed pods like tiny fairy coins in their games, is well-praised in some charming lines, that all who have known this evergreen shrub in youth, in such a way must dearly cherish.

MONA GOODEN.

ENGLISH POETICAL AUTOGRAPHS. A Collection of Facsimiles of Autograph Poems from Sir Thomas Wyatt to Rupert Brooke. Selected and Edited by Desmond Flower and A. N. L. Munby. Cassell & Co. 21s. net.

The first thing that strikes the eye, on looking through this collection of facsimiles of poems, is the decay of consciously fine calligraphy after the seventeenth century; when the style and formal detail of writing occupied an important position in the curriculum of a gentleman's studies. Such masters as Baildon and Beauchesne not only stressed the importance of the finely formed letters of the beautiful Renaissance Italian script employed by the poets of the day, but also the value of a well-shaped mass of writing, whether light or heavy as an essential contribution to the success of the page. As their finely written poems testify here, such poets as Ben Jonson and Sir John Harington possessed an unerring sense of design, and handled the quill with a subtle delicacy of style of which any artist might be proud. When we arrive at the eighteenth century the universal slant of contemporary copy books is modified to a rapier angularity in the MS. of Alexander Pope, and to a small, irreproachable and unrevealing copper-plate in that of Thomas Gray. With the facsimile of Robert Burns' "Bannockburn," we get the first example of modern individual handwriting. How characteristic this large, flourishing, generous, bold and free script is of the man! Wordsworth's hand is inartistic, and suggests an old maid's pin-scratched, spidery scrawl; Byron's illiterate, illegible and untidy. Keats' writing has a sensitive and sensuous beauty, and is uncharacteristic of his age. Thomas Hardy's is a well designed hand, sturdy and vital; Robert Bridges writes a consciously Renaissance script which for purely formal beauty is unequalled. Oscar Wilde's sonnet is delicate and neat, the hand of a Greek scholar, and in no way that of an abandoned sensualist. The editors of this beautifully produced folio are to be congratulated on this absorbingly interesting collection, which I closed with only one regret,—that there were not more poets represented. As they most truthfully remark in their preface "a new and personal contact with the author's work is established, which can never be achieved by attention to the printed page alone." It is devoutly to be hoped that the practical but uninteresting typewriter will not altogether prevent writers of to-day and to-morrow from inscribing their poems with a slender quill in fair characters, so that posterity may not be deprived of so revealing a clue to their personalities.

M. G.

L

MARIE ANTOINETTE AND AXEL DE FERSON. By C. Coryn. London : Thornton Butterworth, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

Miss Coryn's newest biographical and historical study is presented as the love-story of Marie Antoinette and the Count Axel De Ferson, a Swedish nobleman who attended at the Court of Louis XVI, served as aide-de-camp to Rochambeau in the American War of Independence, and afterwards lived through the terrible times of the French Revolution. The author is at her best when recounting intrigues and the plannings and plottings by which it was hoped to rescue the French royal family from the hands of the revolutionaries. Here is a diligent study of the psychology and reactions of Marie Antoinette as a Woman, as well as a Queen ; and, although the final verdict is left for the reader to assess, it is apparent that the author agrees with those other modern historians who judge that Marie's reputation has suffered from scandalous allegations by the traducers and gossipers. "Le Beau" Ferson we meet first at the abode of Voltaire, then, after accompanying him in his adventures of chivalry and danger, we leave him—or that which had been him—on a blood-bespattered street in his native Stockholm. Like his friend, Marie, he lay "like so much waste cast out of a butcher's shop !"

There is no sense in a prevalent theory that a historical work must of necessity be dull ; and Miss Coryn seems to wonder if she has succeeded in making her writings amusing. She has succeeded. But her gift of humour never is applied out of its proper place : the finely drawn lines of conduct and procedure at Court, the ever-rapidly changing fashions of dress and deportment in "Regency" Paris, the newfashioned diversion of mingling with the "people" (at set times and appointed places only !), and numerous other social topics provide the right backgrounds for the lighter touch in pen-portraiture which the author uses effectively in contrast to the darker subjects.

"When the august posterior of Louis XIV had been subjected to a surgical operation, that operation had at once lost its slightly comic aspect of indignity, and his loyal subjects offered up their own anatomies for the now royal, if still painful operation." What sentence could more tersely describe the abject servility of the courtiers of the period ?

The book is thoroughly documented, and it contains a list of the works and diaries consulted by the Author ; but there is no Index ! J. H.

GUILTY AS LIBELLED. By Archibald Crawford, K.C. London : Arthur Barker, Ltd. 10s. 6d. net.

Few men have so deep and sympathetic an understanding of the minds and ways of the "under-dog" and the law-breaker as has Advocate Crawford of the Scottish Bar. Son of a zealous humanitarian, who devoted the better part of his life to "cleaning-up" the City of Glasgow, the author's education was arranged with the purpose of blending with his legal studies the study of social conditions and their effect in breeding the wrongdoer. About the author's humanitarianism and sympathy there is no doubt ; but the fineness of the line he draws between the man inside and the more fortunate man outside "the bars" will not be acceptable as an accurate measurement by everybody not well-versed in the "ologies." The same division is said to be the only thin separation of the sane

from the insane ; yet Society must protect itself in the only way it can, and always there must be varying degrees of detention, punishment, or whatever else one may term it. In the knowledge that poverty and sordid surroundings produce crime and the criminal, the Advocate judges every individual in the State to be almost equal in guilt with his less fortunate—but sometimes more courageous—fellow who is a convicted criminal. This, of course, is partly true ; but, as the author fairly admits, indictable offences are declining in ratio with improvement of social conditions. Where other eminent lawyers are in disagreement with some of the opinions and suggestions contained in this work, it is not this reviewer's task to presume to offer any remark, nor need the general reader bother about them. Apart from the "opening" and the "summing-up," the work contains a selection of reminiscence and anecdote from criminal trials in which Advocate Crawford pleaded. Everything here is of general interest. Running through these cameos of life in the raw is a strain of humour.

MY SEVENTY YEARS. By Mrs. George Black. London : Thomas Nelson & Sons, Ltd. 8s. 6d. net.

In the final chapter of this book Mrs. Black claims that her "career" began in her seventieth year, when she was elected a Member of Parliament for the Yukon : probably so undaunted a venturer rightly considers the fifty preceding years as having covered an extensive "career," in the wider meaning of the word ! The main part of the story tells us about her experiences as a woman pioneer in the great goldrush of 1897, and of her life subsequently on the Klondyke goldfields. A woman with a remarkably wide vision on life in a vast new country, the author found more than plenty to satisfy her many interests, and here she portrays fresh aspects of that North-western territory. The story is not confined to the seeking for gold : there is something about regular domestic affairs amid strange surroundings ; and the interesting information about flora and fauna is illustrated by a delightful photographic reproduction of the Yukon crocus. In Dawson City the author's third son was born, when "a dish of water thrown out fell to the ground in a frozen spray" ; and when miners and strange, uncouth men brought gifts of gold-dust and nuggets she remembered the offerings of frankincense and myrrh by the wise men in the East. This is a remarkably entertaining and informative work on the evolution of a community, from its debauchery and first disillusionment—both of them are terms of cause and effect—to its place in a well-ordered Dominion. Mrs. Black saw every phase in the evolution. Among many internationally notable people about whom she has something to tell is Robert W. Service, the "Sourdough" bank clerk who weighed gold-dust in Dawson City.

BARON WARD AND THE DUKES OF PARMA. By Jesse Myers. London : Longmans, Green & Co., Ltd. 8s. 6d. net.

This first work, by an author who is by family connected with Dublin, contains the curious story of Thomas Ward, son of a Yorkshire labourer, who rose to be Prime Minister of the State of Parma and Baron Ward of the old

Austrian Empire. Charles Lever in his diplomatic capacity was a visitor to the Court of Charles Louis, at Parma, and there he became acquainted with Ward—the erstwhile stable-lad and jockey—whom he portrayed in one of his novels: Fitzpatrick identifies the “Duke of Massa” and “Stubber,” in *The fortunes of Glencore*, as Charles Louis and Ward. Apart altogether from their mutual love of horses, Ward and the rollicking Irish novelist would be attracted to each other as two kindred types of the post-Waterloo period—the builder’s son from the North Strand, who became the British Consul at Trieste, and the lad from York, who by ingrained independence of character played an important part in Austro-Italian politics. For there was nothing irresponsible about the Baron: as valet to a weak ruler he made himself indispensable, and as a sound adviser he seems to have become a very Joseph. After exerting himself in trying to force the Duke, Charles Louis, to act as a statesman it was Ward himself who became the statesman. The weakness of the Duke gave Ward his opportunity; but in any other sphere of activity he must have succeeded. He had the gift of learning languages; he foresaw the importance of railways, established a mechanised farm in Austria and fostered several agricultural and industrial undertakings. Truly he was a remarkable man living in a remarkable period. In preparing his work Mr. Myers consulted the Ward papers, now in the Bodleian Library, and the family diaries held by the Marquis Provençali.

J. H.

SMOKY CRUSADE. By R. M. Fox. London: The Hogarth Press. 3s. 6d. net.

This cheap edition of “Smoky Crusade,” which was first published in 1937, records the personal experiences of the author, from his early life in a factory to his achievement of success as a journalist and a writer of books—“The Triumphant Machine,” “Drifting Men” and “Rebel Irishwomen.” Like most men who have examined the varying facets of Life and garnered their knowledge in the hard school of reality and by personal contacts, Mr. Fox writes with simplicity of directness; but, unlike many others who have studied and taken active parts in social and political development, he has not lost any of his faith in humanity. He believes that the victory of enlightenment and progress will be brought about by the industrial workers—the men and women in the factories. The author is anti-militarist and International in his outlook, and it may be thought that in his trenchant writing about Dublin and of events throughout Ireland he leans too far towards materialities and neglects the cause of spiritual Nationality.

AFTER THE FLIGHT. By Francis MacManus. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd. 2s. 6d.

WICKLOW HEATHER. By A. M. P. Smithson. Dublin: The Talbot Press, Ltd. 3s. 6d.

In “After the Flight” Francis MacManus presents a selection of narrative “Cameos” depicting episodes in Ireland’s History, ranging from A.D. 1607 to 1916—from before the landing of Cromwell till the arrival of Sir Roger Casement

in the German submarine ship U-19. Nineteen highly interesting and informative literary sketches are arranged in the form of eye-witnesses' stories; some of them are, indeed, related from first-hand accounts by men who were present on the occasions described, while others are compiled from contemporary documents, letters and diaries, and oral tradition. A concise introductory note to each of the chapters tells the reader where the subject matter is wholly or partly authentic, and places the events in historical sequence. The author has made a good work, and in doing so he has preserved some valuable personal reminiscences which have not been included in the more formal histories of Irish events.

Miss Smithson's new novel, "Wicklow Heather," is written around the life of a delightful young heroine, Tony O'Shea, whose devotion to Faith and Fatherland triumphs over a good deal of petty persecution. The author loses none of her recognised skill in imparting the sense of atmosphere to her local descriptions, and her homely characters are true to her style. The story begins in a colourless Dublin thoroughfare; then, as the title implies, it is continued in the Garden of Ireland," and afterwards in Belgium.

CRUSADE IN SPAIN. By Eoin O'Duffy. Dublin: Browne & Nolan, Ltd. 5s. net.

So much has been written about the Civil War in Spain, its causes and the probable ultimate outcome from whatever the result may be, that opinions may be said to have become fixed; and whatever new propaganda matter appears merely adds to controversy, without deflecting very many adopted lines of thought. Actual personal experiences on any field, or on any belligerent side, always are entertaining, and sometimes instructive; so it is regrettable that General O'Duffy has written extravagantly—and journalistically—about politics and history, and sparingly about the actions of his Bandera in the line and in attack.

The popularity of the Irish Brigade wherever they went in Nationalist Spain is quite understandable: many men in high military command gave "unremitting attention" to it, and eulogised it, and it is a matter for fair comment that while generously acknowledging all the compliments the General has not more fully recorded the honours of his command.

J. H.

SPANISH RECRUIT. By Lucien Maulvault. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

According to this novel the forces of Franco in Spain though stern, maybe, are full of a Bunyan-like zeal. The Government forces are moral degenerates.

It is strange that contestants so unevenly matched should have so long a struggle, longer indeed than the period for which this book is likely to remain in circulation.

T. D. V. W.

THE BRITISH ANNUAL OF LITERATURE. London: The British Authors' Press. Dublin: The Sign of the Three Candles. 5s. net.

This is the first number of a yearly bulletin, founded with the object of countering any tendency there may be towards literary self-sufficiency throughout the British speaking world. That the danger is not altogether illusory is stressed

in the Editorial announcement, wherein, for example, the recent disastrous legislative experiments in Australia are mentioned. Imperial progress has reached the point at which it is necessary to take into account the great centres of culture which are developing overseas, and it may be that in literature, as in politics, decentralisation will lead to disintegration. That is the view taken by the publishers of this British annual, who invite all lovers of literature to co-operate in stemming—so far as they can—any outside neglect of English origins in writing, as well as those of Ireland and Wales. The initial response from overseas has been prompt and generous, and the first number of the Annual shows a creditable beginning of the ambitious endeavour.

Contributions of prose and poetry cover the wide literary fields of Canada, New Zealand, South Africa and Australia ; and among the subjects of articles are John Drinkwater and Grey Owl and Charles Richard Allen, the New Zealand novelist, dramatist and poet. Of chief interest to Irish readers is "The Literary Achievements of Douglas Hyde, President of Ireland," by Colm O Lochlainn, M.A. The work, which is well illustrated, will make an acceptable seasonal gift.

SONS OF THE SWORDMAKER. By Maurice Walsh. Dublin : The Talbot Press, Ltd.
7s. 6d. net.

Sons of the Swordmaker is a romantic chronicle of the adventurous journeyings and tarryings of the Four Sons of Oragh, the Swordmaker, about two decades before the beginning of the Christian era, when Conaire the Great—Conaire of the Birds, and of the Nine Geasas—ruled at Tara. Into Gaul, to Alder Hollow, to combat with Fergus of the Running Water and to seek for Alor, the Woman with the Red Hair, the brothers with the Sword in their turns travel ; and thrice is the sword sent back ownerless to Oragh who had fashioned it, until Delgaun brings home Alor. From south of the Four Seas goes Flann, through Ancient Britain to Clydagh, and from there, in company with the one-eyed Ingcil and his sea-rovers, to the Hostel of Da Derga beside Dublin. The work is a valuable addition to Irish traditional literature, and in writing his story around a great Gaelic saga the author has infused into it a topographical reality and the proper sense of atmosphere. Here is action aplenty on nearly every page ; but Maurice Walsh never allows his Daemon to ride him too fastly, nor does he over-dramatise his episodes which would be marred by less skilful writers.

IN PRAISE OF ULSTER. By Richard Hayward. London : Arthur Barker, Ltd.
2s. net.

This splendid volume has only one defect, which I trust will eventually be remedied : it has no index. Everything else about it is altogether praiseworthy. At several recent weddings in these parts one observed that among the presents displayed for the admiration of the guests pride of place was given to *In Praise of Ulster*. If anything could really enhance a work which is well able to stand on its own feet the forty-eight drawings scattered with discrimination through its pages achieve that effect : they are from the pencil of J. Humbert

Craig, R.H.A. Briefly stated, the composition of the book before us is an Introduction, an Overture, Belfast, a Retrospect, the Nine Counties, and a Tail Piece. From such wealth of material thus summarized let us for a few minutes just pick and choose.

The Overture has much to say about the Ulster accent. We are told the old old story that the vocabulary and pronunciation of this Province are a survival of Elizabethan English, and there are multitudes of people who take a pride in believing that it is so. I am at no pains to deny it. The Rev. W. F. Marshall has built up a case in proof thereof which he has published in a little brochure entitled *Ulster Speaks*. The paucity of examples leaves one unconvinced. As an Ulsterman born and bred, a man who loves the land and its people beyond most other things, I do not hesitate to proclaim that there is no conglomeration of sounds known to the human ear so utterly vile and discordant as the uneducated Ulster accent. Any man who defends it has his tongue in his cheek.

The section on Belfast begins with a eulogy of the McGowan Collection of pictures of Old Belfast in the Museum. When this appears in print my great friend Mr. McGowan will have been dead about two months, but in that Collection of Frank McKelvey's work which he so generously gave to the Belfast Corporation how true it is simply to say, he being dead yet speaketh! There is nothing so sad in all this volume as the author's references to the destruction of the best examples in Belfast of Georgian architecture. As one who remembers College Square before the vandals commenced their ruthless work by building "the 'Tec"—The Municipal College of Technology—right in front of *Inst.*, I often wondered as the monster arose did any body else in egregious Belfast experience anything of my feeling of horrified repugnance. That building was the real outrage. Does the author remember a public meeting at which a distinguished citizen announced that the sale of the ground had provided "*Inst.*" with a veritable *gondola*? The removal of Murray's Terrace, forming as it did the south side of the Square, did not matter now: the Philistines were upon it.

And the lost opportunities! Belfast is building a very handsome Cathedral. In 1890 or thereabout the best site in the city went a-begging, the site of the City Hall. The Church authorities could have had it on most favourable terms, but they preferred to build in a back street. When at length the nave was erected a parcel of waste ground occupied only by Toft's Hobby Horses would have furnished the beginnings of a spacious *parvis*: to-day that ground is covered with a red brick terrace of offices affronting the noble west end of the Cathedral at suffocatingly close quarters.

Donegall Place and Royal Avenue are in almost straight alignment from the City Hall to North Street. Some years ago the site of the Gin Palace was on the market. Here was the occasion that comes once in a millennium—an opportunity to carry Royal Avenue as straight as a rush across Donegall Street into North Queen Street and so on to the world-renowned Antrim Coast road. But "where there is no vision the people perish." The Gin Palace was replaced by a banking house set up in one of the modern modes of architecture completely at variance with its sober surroundings. Our author does not allude to these lost opportunities. But oh, the pity of it all!

And so from Belfast we shall run up to Derry. Everything worth knowing about the "ancient walled city famous for its siege," as the old geography books

put it, is contained in Mr. Hayward's work. He begins with the city, of which there is an exhaustive account, before spreading out to every place of any importance in the County. For the man of to-day the real Derry begins in 1600 when events were in preparation for the Plantation. And for vast multitudes there was no Derry worth talking about until the spacious days of 1689. No important event connected with the siege has been omitted by our author, whose work in this connexion is just a marvel of compression. The interest never wanes as he tells the story over again as concisely as may be. He might have burned his fingers in a controversy which blazes forth from time to time from the contemporary happenings even until now. Content with saying that the Rev. George Walker (joint Governor with Major Baker) remained in charge of the garrison till the end of the siege, he passes on to other historical matters. But there is far more to Walker than just that. Some think he was the greatest figure in the siege: others say he was a self-seeking poltroon. The truth in a word is that he stole a march on the forbears of these latter, and they from first to last have never forgiven him for it. Your readers who may be anxious for details will not have long to wait, inasmuch as the Dean of Belfast is about to publish all the ascertainable facts: his book will probably be on sale before this review appears.

From Derry I explored Donegal with my learned guide, but he admits that because of the work of Stephen Gwynn he has not written in such detail about Donegal as the other counties. Here I shall frankly confess that when men are talking about the country I love to hear about the town. The way in which folk rave about the charms of the country and country life convinces me that rural surroundings must be the work of men's hands, whereas the gregarious instinct which impels human beings to congregate in large cities is surely a convincing proof that cities are indeed the Divine plan for the welfare of the majority. "God made the country, man made the city" is the wrong way round. It is to Donegal town then that I turn my attention, though our writer is careful to assure us that Lifford, not Donegal, is the capital. Mr. Hayward falls into the common error of supposing that the Annals of the Four Masters was compiled in the Franciscan Friary here.

The Annals were finished as is here correctly stated in 1636—on the 10th August to be exact. But the Monastery to the south of Donegal Town was destroyed and forsaken in the opening years of the 17th century. The Friars removed to Bundrowes, and there in a new Abbey of Donegal the great compilation was made.

Space is gone. And so one final word: "I have often pointed out," he says, "the typical Irish square lintel-headed doors and windows, etc." One of the very best examples in Ireland is to be found just two miles from where I am writing these words, viz., in the old church at St. John's Point, Co. Down.

SAMUEL B. CROOKS.